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THE WREATH.

D. C. Colesworthy

Love springs
Like a wild-flower, where it is least expected ;
Existing whether cherish'd or rejected ;
Living with only but to be content,
Hopeless, for love is its own aliment ;
Requiring nothing, so that it may be
The martyr of its fond fidelity.

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CHARLES R. GREEN.
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PREFACE.

In presenting this little volume to the public, it may not be amiss to state that many of the pieces of which it is composed, were written amid the pressure of business, as a relaxation to the author's mind — some of which have found their way into the pages of the magazines and newspapers of the day. If, therefore, this volume may in the smallest degree prove useful to any who shall give it a reading, he will think himself amply compensated for his labor, and will not be moved by the censure of the critic. — There may be faults in these compositions, which a little more care and attention would have tended to obviate. But with all their imperfections, they are presented to a candid public, who will, it is presumed, treat them as their merits may deserve.

TO

JOSEPH LIBBY,

TEACHER

OF THE

PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY IRSCRIBED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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OPENING BUDS.

COTTAGE LIFE.

From all the bustle and the noise
Of city life and empty joys,
  Secluded in my cot,
I hail the pleasures as they rise,
And grateful lift to Heaven my eyes,
  Who thus has blest my lot.

At early dawn, refreshed by sleep,
I bless that Being who doth keep
  His watchful eye on me —
And as I seek my daily task,
What greater blessing could I ask,
  Than heart so light and free?

And when I close my daily toil,
How sweet to meet my children's smile —
My partner's fond caress!
To live with such kind hearts as these,
Where each doth strive the sire to please,
Is perfect happiness.

No pains distract — no cares molest —
No envy creeps within the breast,
To damp the joys I feel;
But streams of bliss profusely rise,
And pleasures gild, like evening skies,
The fleeting hours they steal.

For Indies wealth, nor honor's claim,
To blazon through the earth my name,
Would I exchange my lot;
The ills of life, its pains are theirs,
Who live for honor, and its cares —
But I — I feel them not.

Thus let me pass the little span
Of life allotted here to man,
With all the world at peace —
And when the hour of death shall come,
Angels will waft my spirit home,
Where joys for aye increase.

TO MY MOTHER.

While tottering on the verge of death,
Oppressed by pain and care,
I' ll place my gentle arms beneath,
And all thy burden bear;
For, mother, thou art dear to me —
Blest guardian of my infancy!

Thy strength is gone, and dimly burns
Life's flickering, transient flame;
And grief, and care, and pain, by turns,
Have paralized thy frame;
But, mother, on thy withered cheek,
I read what language cannot speak.

And as I gaze upon thy brow,
So wrinkled and so pale —
Where all its bloom has faded now,
It tells a sorry tale —
Of hopes expired — of joys that flew
Soon as they burst upon thy view.

But for thy care, dear mother! I
Will bless thy life's decline —

Bring every drop of comfort nigh —
Make all thy sorrows mine —
Till God shall break the slender thread
That keeps thee from the sainted dead.

When helpless in my infant years,
I hung upon thy breast,
Thy heart was full of gloomy fears,
And sorrow was thy guest;
Thy child might find an early tomb,
Or stain with vice life's opening bloom.

In every dark, uncertain way,
Which heedlessly I trod,
I heard thee, dearest mother, pray,
For blessings from thy God;
And when with folly's maze beset,
I could not all thy prayers forget.

Since thou art old, I'll guard thee well,
And thou shalt have no care;
With years my gratitude shall swell,
And brighter features wear —
Till Heaven life's silken cord shall sever,
And hush my voice, or thine, forever.

Till then, my fervent love to thee,
Shall strengthen day by day —

And every object I will flee,
That draws my love away;
And in these arms thou shalt be blest,
As once I was upon thy breast.

THE HAND DIVINE.

The impress of a Hand Divine
On every thing I see;
The humblest flower — the tenderest vine,
Speak of a Deity.

There 's not a plant that decks the spring,
A blossom, or a rose —
A blade of grass — an insect's wing —
But heavenly wisdom shows.

'T was He who gave the lily birth,
And made the worlds on high —
In beauty spread the teeming earth —
The God forever nigh.

'T is every where I see and trace
The finger of His love; —
His dwelling is unbounded space —
Around — below — above.

A SOLACE.

'Tis sweet to think when o'er this frame
Disease in all its power shall rage —
When faintly burns life's transient flame,
There's ONE whose thoughts I shall engage,
Who 'll watch around my bed to bless,
While her soft hands my temples press.

'T is sweet to think when I am dead,
There 's one who 'll stand beside my bier,
Who o'er my lifeless clay will shed
The earliest and the latest tear —
Whose bursting heart will sadly trace
Love's dearest image in my face.

'T is sweet to think when in the tomb,
Forever free from grief and pain —

Where worms will all my flesh consume,
Till it returns to dust again,
There 's one who o'er my grave will weep,
Whose love for me will never sleep.

'T is sweet to think there is a clime
Where friends long parted may unite —
Where all the cares of earth and time
Are lost in pure, supreme delight —
And there, from sin and sorrow free,
Friendship will last eternally.

ON PRESENTING A BIBLE TO A BOY, BOUND TO SEA.

A TEACHER's gift — remember, boy,
When sailing on the deep —
In sunshine and when threatening waves
O'er thy frail vessel sweep;
This holy book consult, and bind
Its truth unto thy heart —

And let it be thy counsellor —
Thy pilot and thy chart.

Then let the storm arise and rage
In terror and in might —
'Mid the hoarse howling of the winds,
And blackness of the night;
Sweet peace shall smile upon thy brow
And calm shall be thy breast,
If thou, upon this blessed book,
Confiding faith can rest.

When far away, no teacher's voice
Will warn of dangers nigh —
Nor wilt thou meet a sister's smile,
Nor a mother's watchful eye;
No faithful friend will show thy feet
The way to truth and heaven —
Nor in thy presence lift the prayer
To have thy sins forgiven.

Thy teacher's gift, remember then,
And as thou read'st it, pray
That He who there invites to heaven,
Will teach thy heart the way:
Then while we miss thee from our side,
This thought will give us joy,

Thy Bible is thy constant guide —
Farewell — farewell — dear boy.

THE FALSE ONE.

When friends were few — and I alone
Proved faithful unto thee —
And made thy sorrows all my own,
How sweet thy words to me —
"I love thee, and my constant care
Shall be to make thee blest;
And none but thee shall ever share
The affections of my breast."

I thought thee true — no promises
Could be more fair than thine;
Where'er we met, the sun of bliss
Did o'er our pathway shine;
But every word and look expressed,
As happy moments passed,
The joys that reigned within our breast
Were all too pure to last.

Another came — a reckless youth —
He sought thy hand and heart;
O, where was thy regard for truth,
To act a treacherous part?
More kind, more faithful could he prove,
Than he whom thou hast left —
Who though he cannot still but love,
Is of his joys bereft?

Unworthy as thou art, I feel
Not to reproach thee now;
Thy heart, unless of hardened steel,
Must to thy conscience bow.
Though gold is friendly, will it save
From sickness and despair?
O, will it triumph o'er the grave,
When death's wild eye-balls stare?

The time must come, when thou wilt sigh
For joys forever flown;
When none will bring those blessings nigh
Which once were all thy own;
The weary nights will give no rest —
No joy, the morning's dawn;
For he whose kindness made thee blest,
To his last sleep has gone.

Could'st thou recall those halcyon days,
When life was full of flowers;
Thy friend from his damp chamber raise,
To bless thy evening hours;
Joy might thy faded cheek illume,
And love thy bosom swell;
But grief will track thee to the tomb —
False hearted one, Farewell!

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Quickly the seasons pass. The flowery spring
But yesterday came joyously along,
Laden with sweets which she is wont to bring,
And all alive with melody and song.

Herbage and grass luxuriantly grew,
And buds and blossoms clustered on the trees;
Vigorous with joy the merry songsters flew,
And gaily caught the vivifying breeze.

The cattle browsed upon the verdant hill,
And peaceful flocks reclined beneath the shade;

The husbandman went joyful out to till
The fertile fields, where all his hopes were laid.

Next, summer came. The flowers began to die,
And pleasing landscapes lost their lively hue;
The grass and forest trees were parched and dry,
Save when they sparkled with the morning dew.

Then autumn came, with chilling frosts and snows
To scatter nature's loveliest things around,
And bid the forest sleep in cold repose,
Till vernal suns should burst the frozen ground.

Now all have gone, that once was bright and gay;
They 've passed before me like a pleasant dream;
Thus all I love and cherish must decay,
And life will e'en a fleeting pageant seem.

Delight and love once danced along my road,
And holy truths within my heart distilled;
I knew no grief — my soul went up to God,
And with his matchless love was daily filled.

It was the spring of life: fresh flowers were strewed
Where'er I turned my heedless, wandering feet;
With every sun was happiness renewed,
And every drop of life's full cup was sweet.

But now 't is changed : the current in my veins
Flows dull and wearily as if 't would stop ;
But still my grateful soul this truth retains,
The Lord has been and still will be my prop.

Yes — I am in the autumn of my days —
Just lingering on the boundary of time ;
But onward, pictured out to faith, there lays
A scene of glory, endless and sublime.

On thy fair brow, aspiring, thoughtless youth,
The finger of destroying time will rest ;
And thou wilt learn, ere long, this simple truth,
That all the world calls pleasure is not best.

Improve thy days in those pursuits that bring
True satisfaction to the longing soul ;
Then shalt thou bloom in everlasting spring,
Where waves of joy will o'er thy bosom roll.

THE INQUIRY.

"Mother, why do the stars to-night
Shine down so prettily? —
Casting abroad their modest light
O'er all the sparkling sea?

"Who made them, mother? — was it He
Who built the earth and sky?
Who gives us air to breathe so free,
And souls that never die?"

"'T was God, my child, who made them all,
And scattered them on high;
He holds them that they do not fall,
Fixed firmly in the sky."

"Say, mother, will this glorious One,
Love children such as I,
And take us when we die, to dwell
In his eternity?"

"If you are good, he will, my child,
If you delight in prayer,
He'll take you to his heavenly home,
To reign forever there."

"Then I will love him, and each day
I 'll bend my knees in prayer;
He 'll teach a child what words to say,
And then I know he 'll hear."

LOVE AND DELIGHT.

When love and delight in our pathway are found,
And the song and the dance go merrily round,
And sorrow is flown,
And care is unknown,
How sweet are the moments so fondly our own!

The zephyrs that sigh in the hush of the even,
With incense are rife from the bowers of heaven;
And pleasure with love,
Beams brightly above,
Like innocence perched on the wings of a dove.

The halo of glory in the morning is seen,
The shades disappear, and the skies are serene;

The day riseth bright
From folds of the night,
And the sun cometh forth in splendor and might.

There is music I hear wherever I go —
It pours from above and it gushes below;
It melts on the ear,
As pure and as clear
As when angels first sung the birth of the sphere.

Thus purely and sweetly the day passes by,
The spirit as buoyant as hope in the sky;
And beauty and bloom
The moments consume,
Leaving sorrow to riot with care in the tomb.

NATURE FULL OF GOD.

The glory of the mighty God,
Where'er I gaze, my eyes behold;
When evening spreads her veil abroad,
Or morning clouds are tinged with gold.

The ocean as it heaves and swells,
Around the isles that girt the sea —
In tones as loud as thunder, tells
His awful power and majesty.

The stars that gem the glorious skies,
The solemn sentinels of light —
Speak of that God which bade them rise
To beautify the heavens by night.

The flower that smiles within the vale,
Where careless feet may never tread,
Repeats the same unvarnished tale,
And lowly bows its modest head.

The tiny songsters of the air,
Which float so joyous on the wing,
The same almighty Power declare,
And chant His praises when they sing.

The fields in verdant grandeur drest,
In all their splendor and their bloom,
In silent language praise him best,
And send to heaven their rich perfume.

But where is man? Has he no soul
To speak his Maker's glories forth —

When land and sea, and orbs that roll,
All speak the power that gave them birth?

Sin steels his heart and blinds his eyes,
And makes him careless of his God,
When all that move beneath the skies
Conspire to sound his praise abroad.

Awake, O man, thy dormant powers,
And let thy soul His glory sing;
Should nature's praises rival ours,
To its Creator and our King?

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When in my last repose I lay,
Let not a tear for me be shed;
'T is meet that I should pass away,
With none to weep when I am dead.

In some secluded spot, beneath
The towering elm's refreshing shade,

Where vernal winds will softly breathe,
I would in silence there be laid.

In pompous grandeur, let no stone
Rear its proud front above my grave,
To tell how bright my virtues shone :
No such respect from friends I crave.

I seek not fame — I ask to be
Remembered by the poor alone;
They will enshrine my memory
In hearts more durable than stone.

Their hands may plant the fragrant flowers
Above my dark and lowly bed;
These may beguile their weary hours,
But cannot please the unconscious dead.

So let no tears be shed for me,
When to my last repose I go —
But lay me 'neath the broad elm tree,
Where vernal breezes softly blow.

STORM AT SEA.

While we're on the waves careering,
Wilt thou not thy pity shew?
Lord, we pray thee, give a hearing
To this weak and helpless crew.

Thou must save us, or we perish —
For the storm is raging high;
Thou who dost for sinners cherish
Kind compassion — be thou nigh.

Ocean graves yearn wide before us —
Every moment seems our last;
Place thy wing of mercy o'er us,
Till the storm be overpast.

God of heaven! hear our crying —
Hear, we pray, and send relief;
To the voices of the dying,
Be not, gracious Savior, deaf.

Save us, and in warm devotion
Sailors's praises shall ascend;
On the land, or on the ocean,
We will bless our heavenly Friend.

Thanks, O God, the raging billows
Sweep upon the deck no more;
We can safely on our pillows
Rest our heads; the storm is o'er.

THE DECEIVER.

Once, dearest Henry, I was blest
In thy sweet, warm embrace;
And love reigned purely in thy breast,
And glowed upon thy face.
'T was in the spring of hope and joy,
When thy heart was pure and true —
And not a cloud obscured our sky,
As happy moments flew.

Thy friendship strengthened day by day,
And the flame of love grew bright;
Thou swore to cherish me for aye,
And alone in me delight.
Pain, anguish, death, thou would'st prefer,
Than from thy friend to part;

But oh! how sadly did I err,
To trust to such a heart!

Could woman be more kind than I,
In every act and word?
With stronger faith on thee rely —
To all the world preferred?
But thou like to a fiend hast left
This true, devoted breast;
Of joy — of life almost bereft,
I never can be blest.

If I had been less true to thee —
My heart less free from guile —
I could o'erlook thy falsity,
And pass it with a smile:
Had I but loved as others love,
With feelings less of heaven —
My bleeding heart could see thee rove,
And speak thy faults forgiven.

But, Henry, I esteemed thee more
Than earthly mould could be;
Hence in my soul's deep, inmost core,
This mortal agony!
An angel to my eyes thou wert,
As pure as God's own throne;

Without a blight upon thy heart —
To folly — sin — unknown.

But now I see thee sunk below
The vilest of the vile;
And what thou art too late I know —
I hate thy treacherous smile:
That smile deceived me once — again
It never can deceive;
For happiness I look in vain,
Till this dark earth I leave.

Farewell — false and inconstant one —
Sorrow shall be thy doom;
And every rising, setting sun
Shall fill thy hours with gloom:
Thou 'lt think of me — forsaken — lost
To every earthly joy;
And on a sea of anguish tost,
E'en life thou would'st destroy.

But live — I ask no more than this —
For thee to live and feel
The constant throes of hopeless bliss,
No power on earth can heal.
Live — and in wretchedness complete
Curse every passing day;

Then tell me, false one, is it sweet
To spurn my love away ?

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

I'm weary of the world. My heart loves not
A being earthly. Teachers false, and friends;
False every thing below has proved to me.
E'en those on whom did rest my fondest hopes,
Forsook me, and I'm left alone to pine —
To waste away and die. My heart has felt
For others' woes — but others feel not mine.
They love to crush the stricken and the sad,
And smile to see the sorrow of my soul,
Brought on by poverty and wretchedness.
Once parents smiled on me. Their only child
Was precious in their sight; with tenderness
They ever sought to gratify my wish;
And taught me early to obey my God.
But since I've grown to womanhood, and they,
The dearest, kindest friends I've known, have past
Into the narrow tomb, I feel their loss

Most keenly — for I'm linked to one who loves
Me not; the intoxicating draught has chilled
The love which once he bore to me, forever.
More will he not come home with smiles to greet;
But nauseous is his breath — and I'm in fear
Continually, lest death should meet him now.
O, Thou, who hear'st when the afflicted cry,
Give ear unto my prayer. O, send me not
Unblest away. I pray for strength and grace,
The trials now in store for me, to bear.
But, Father, I would rather die than live:
If 't is thy sovereign pleasure, take me hence,
And give me rest, where sorrows never come.

Thus breathed Althea. She was a drunkard's wife
And bound to him for aye. She once had friends,
But they forsook her all. They could not help;
For charity on her was oft bestowed,
And he, the imp incarnate, drank it all,
And then abused the best of womankind.
She long had borne abuse, but now her soul
Seemed rent in twain, and agony was stamped,
With wretchedness and woe, upon her brow.
She seemed a maniac quite. But still she felt,
And agonized with God in earnest prayer.
It was her only hope — and low she knelt
From morn to eve, begging for strength or death.

Her prayers were heard. Upon her bended knees
In secret she was found, with life extinct.
O, bury up and hide the name forever,
Of him who won a woman's heart to kill!
Drunkard, desist! drop now thy bowl; thy wife
Perhaps is on her knees — begging for death.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

'T is not to see
A brother in distress —
And turn away, when we have power
To heal his wounds and bless.
'T is not to pass the helpless by,
Burthened with hoary years;
And mimic his declining step,
And force his burning tears.

'T is not to shun the tattered garb,
Yon helpless orphans wear —
Who never knew a father's smile,
Or a kind mother's care;

Who on a friendless world are cast
To beg their scanty meal,
For whom the rich, in gay attire,
No sympathy can feel.

'T is not in pride to close our door
Upon a sinking form,
When fiercely blows the wintry blast,
And rudely beats the storm.
'T is not to drive the poor away,
With scorn and proud disdain,
When but a morsel from our store
Would ease his burning pain.

'T is not to hate the sable skin
Of Afric's simple son —
And when for needful food he asks,
To give him but a stone ;
And when for knowledge he doth pray,
To answer him with scorn,
And scourge him with the biting lash,
Although our equal born.

'T is not to shun the friendless soul,
In dungeon or in cell ;
Who from Ambition's giddy height
By crimes atrocious fell ;

Shut out from heaven's refreshing light,
He is our brother still —
Though angry threats and awful oaths
His dreary moments fill.

'T is not to envy him whose soul
To heaven in fancy towers —
Whose deep and spacious intellect
Far, far outstretches ours.
'T is not to smile contemptuously
On an inferior mind,
And see no grace or loveliness
Where both with truth are joined.

'T is not with dark, suspicious eye,
To question motives still,
And whatsoe'er our neighbor does,
To think it only ill.
'T is not behind a brother's back,
His foibles to proclaim —
Or with our poisoned ridicule
His character defame.

'T is not to hint at buried faults,
Or make a serious jest,
When deeds more dark and criminal
Are slumbering in our breast.

'T is not to give a single pain,
To spread the faults we see,
And artfully conceal our own; —
This is not Charity.

THE MISSIONARY.

Farewell to the mountains,
The field and the grove;
The bright sunny fountains,
And the friends that I love.

No more shall I wander
Along the blue stream —
Though nothing was fonder,
When life was a dream.

The friends who in sorrow
Gave comfort to me —
As I go on the morrow,
No more shall I see.

To leave you it grieves me,
And startles the tear;
O, who that receives me
Can be so sincere?

I've trusted you ever,
Ye loved of my heart;
Our friendship must sever,
Heaven bids me depart.

Farewell to the mountains,
The field and the grove —
The bright sunny fountains,
And the friends that I love.

TO A WIFE IN ADVERSITY.

What makes thee sad, dear wife, to-day?
Is it because our lot is low,
Thou dost permit thy tears to flow? —
O, drive the gathering gloom away!

Am I not still thy only friend?
Am I not faithful, constant, true?
Do I not still thy weal pursue?
Shall I not love thee to the end?

Then cheer thee up, and lean upon
This trusting and devoted breast;
Here, dearest, thou canst safely rest:
I feel that I can love but one.

Angelic girl! those tears are shed
Because thou deem'st my lot is hard —
The avenues to wealth are barred —
And I can scarce obtain my bread.

It is not so. Prosperity
Is dawning on my path. Each day
Looks brighter as it fades away,
And want may never come to me.

If but a drop of sorrow come
To chill thy spirit's genial glow,
And bid the tears of anguish flow,
It clothes our fireside in gloom.

Then wipe thy tears and check thy sighs,
And look as thou wast wont to do;

Come, lean upon my breast, as true
As when no cloud o'erhung our skies.

Come, dearest, press thee to my breast,
And let me kiss thy tears away;
And this will be a happy day,
And both shall be divinely blest.

I see thee smile. Thy glowing cheek
Is pressing now to mine. O, Heaven!
I thank thee that to earth is given
A joy that language cannot speak.

WHY AM I DESPISED?

It is not that I'm more depraved
Than those around me are —
That I possess a lying tongue,
And cheat, and steal, and swear:
It is not that I call ill names,
In quarreling delight,
That people shun me. 'Tis because
God did not make me white.

It is not that my mind is cast
In different mould from theirs,
That Christians close their chapel doors,
And shut me from their prayers;
'T is that the Lord in wisdom gave
To me a darker skin;
Not that the principle is dark
Which he has put within.

It is not that I can't improve,
And earthly knowledge gain —
That to ensure the love of Heaven
My efforts all are vain —
That every virtue of the mind
I more than others lack;
But Christians shun me when they see
That God has made me black.

The earth I dwell on and the skies
Were made alike for me;
I bear upon my sable brow
The seal of Deity;
The Savior to redeem me, left
The mansions of the blest;
And if I 'm sanctified by grace
He 'll take me to his rest.

Then if my brother dare despise
The image of his God,
And o'er a humble fellow worm
Rule with an iron rod —
Will not the righteous Judge at last,
Drest in his anger swear
That he who hates a colored skin
Shall not his glory share?

THE CHRISTIAN.

Sweet prospects to the eye of faith
Beam on the Christian's way,
As trustingly he follows Him
Who guides to perfect day.

Though sometimes faint and sorrowing,
He trembling looks above,
And feels a confidence in God
The earth can never move.

Though friends forsake, and kindred leave,
His heart is firmly stayed

Upon the Rock immovable,
Where all his hopes are laid.

From caverns of distress he looks
Up to a shining throne,
And with a love invincible
Claims Jesus as his own.

On burning sands and frozen hills
Alike his God he sees;
And morn and evening finds him still
Upon his bended knees.

O, then may I forsake the throng
Where thou art not adored,
And give my yielding heart to thee,
My Savior and my God.

I would become thy follower,
While life and health remain —
And in the fountain of thy blood
Be cleansed from every stain.

LOOKING UPWARD.

When cares oppress — and sorrows lower
Across my troubled sky;
And dark surmisings every hour
Portend some danger nigh;
The calm of peace to me is given,
While faith and hope are strong in Heaven.

When death, with ruthless hand, destroys
The friends to whom I cling,
And robs me of life's sweetest joys
In youth's bright, gladsome spring;
I look above and kiss the rod —
For there I see a smiling God.

When darkness reigns within my breast,
With not a ray of light,
And anguish is the only guest
Which is not put to flight;
Lo! heaven flies open to my view,
And light and love come streaming through.

When they who whispered words of love,
And blessed me in my ways —

Did treachery's dark minions prove,
And cursed their former praise;
Jesus did from his footstool bend,
And softly whisper — I 'm your Friend.

In every lone, distressing hour,
'Mid unrelenting foes —
I've felt that unseen, soothing Power,
From whom each blessing flows;
He urged to heaven, and pointed there —
I looked above, and all was fair.

How true a Friend is He who reigns
Beyond the burning sky —
Who 'mid our wanderings constrains
To bring his favors nigh;
To bless us with a liberal hand —
Still pointing to the heavenly land.

How great His favors day by day!
How bounteous is his love!
He who can turn from God away,
Nor raise his thoughts above,
Is all unworthy to receive
The blessings he has power to give.

O, glorious One! — my nearest Friend!
To thee I 'll ever cling;

And when the storms of wrath descend,
I'll hide beneath thy wing,
And there, secure from every ill,
Forever I'll perform thy will.

MY EARLY DAYS.

My early days — my early days —
How sweet their memory!
When pleasures fill our sunny ways,
And all our hearts are free.

When all the stars that deck the sky,
Seem drops of living light,
And every evening multiply
To our enraptured sight.

When all the clouds that float above,
Seem downy beds of rest
For beings formed for purer love
Than flows in mortal breast.

My early days — when all around,
Above, below, was fair;
When all the flowery landscapes found,
Did pleasant gladness wear.

The very fields in which we played,
The pathway that we trod,
A glorious loveliness betrayed —
A beauty sent by God.

Blest early days! ye 're now no more —
And I am growing old;
My head is nearly silvered o'er —
My days are well nigh told.

Slow beats my pulse — my torpid breast
Feels not life's early joy;
My sleep is not that quiet rest
Which blessed me when a boy.

The earth has faded to my view —
My eyes are growing dim;
And I seem dull and fettered too,
In thought as well as limb.

Yet though these sunny days have crept
So suddenly away —

Their memory still is freshly kept
To wake an old man's lay.

But I must bid them now farewell,
So cherished in my heart;
And as my years to fourscore swell,
Act well life's closing part.

THE CHURCH.

Church of the living God! I love thee still —
With thee the cherished hours of early days,
Of buoyant youth have all been passed. My heart
O'er which dark clouds of sorrow brooded oft,
Has found delight in thee; thy prayers sustained
And bore the youthful wanderer through.

The hour
Of sore temptation came; my vows to thee,
Fresh as when childhood's hand subscribed — were read

In living characters. I turned away
And in the strength of Heaven, escaped the net
Where my unwary feet well nigh were caught.

I love thee, church. A thousand tender thoughts
Come freshly to my mind — as when of old
My warm young heart was nurtured in thy pale:
When Jesus whispered peace, and I was led
With cheerful heart, by JENKINS's tender voice,
To share thy burdens and partake thy joys.
He spoke in gentle accents when my feet
Were wont to stray—and brought me joyful back.

I love thee, church. My heart is with thee still;
And will be, till the grave worm gnaws my flesh
In the cold sepulchre. I can't forget
The scenes long past, impressed upon my soul,
When first the lisping tongue spoke Jesus's name,
And the proud heart was softened by his love;
And when in all its strength it vowed to be
Faithful forever to the God of hosts.

FAREWELL TO THEE.

Farewell to thee. I breathe the word
With sorrow and regret;
For 't was from thy own lips I heard,
"I never will forget."
When hope was lively in our sky,
And every sun shone bright,
And every burning star on high
Shed down a brilliant light —
Thy language was, "With thee alone
I choose my life to spend:"
O, where have thy affections gone,
Thus to desert thy friend?

Farewell to thee. With proud disdain
Thy recreant course I view;
I 've wept o'er thee and wept in vain —
I could not make thee true.
That heart which once would melt whene'er
I spoke in strains of grief,
And moved with perfect love sincere,
To give me quick relief —
Is now a traitor to its vow,
And shuns the humble born;

To Mammon's shrine it loves to bow,
And laugh the poor to scorn.

Farewell to thee. No more I prize
The language of the soul,
That comes through grief and weeping eyes,
Which seem to mock control.
Man's vows are written on the sand,
Near to the water side;
They but a little moment stand,
Razed by the swelling tide:
And then he deems fond woman's heart
As cruel as the grave,
Because she cannot meet his art —
His scoffs and jestings brave.

Farewell to thee. I can't express
The sorrow that I feel;
Henceforth my grief and wretchedness
I will from thee conceal.
Secluded in my mother's cot,
Away from pomp and care,
Where treacherous hearts will enter not,
I'll spend my days in prayer:
No more to see the smile of love,
Or hear deceitful praise;
Where to a heaven of truth above
My better hopes I 'll raise.

Farewell to thee. Each blessed ray
That ushers in the morn,
Will but predict a weary day
To thee whose joys are gone:
And grateful eve, with golden skies,
Will still increase thy pain;
And all the stars, like piercing eyes,
Search thy bewildered brain;
And every voice and every breath
Speak of thy falsity;
And thou wilt long and pray for death,
But it will keep from thee.

Farewell to thee. Thou 'lt have thy doom,
Though now so bravely wise;
And thought like wild-fire will consume
Thy hopes and energies:
Thy cheek will wither and thy brow
Bear impress of thy guile;
Thy bitter tears each night will flow,
And thou wilt never smile:
The awful thoughts within thy breast,
That never cease to swell,
Will ever rob thee of thy rest;—
Deceitful one, Farewell.

TO AN INTEMPERATE BROTHER.

My brother, dash the poisonous bowl and strew
its contents round,
For never in its rosy depths was care or sorrow
drowned; —
Perhaps a momentary joy may steal across thy
breast,
But oh! it leaves a bitter sting to rob thee of
thy rest.

'T is very hard, I know, to quell temptation's
bearing tide —
And from the path of ruin turn to virtue's bles-
sed side;
But harder still when habit grows to nature's
sturdy height —
When more malignant is the foe with whom you
wish to fight.

My brother, turn — resolve to-day with great
Jehovah's aid,
That nature's laws, and reason too, and God
shall be obeyed; —

Dash the foul spirit from your lips and be a man
again,
Nor let your tender sister's plea be urged and
urged in vain.

Gifts, glorious gifts, by nature's God have been
bestowed on you;
Then will you, can you, dare you now the path
to vice pursue?
With precepts from the lips of her, your mother,
gone to rest?
Let these, as coming from the tomb, sink deeply
in your breast.

And speed you — speed without delay from that
destructive course,
Which to the grave is hurrying you with unre-
sisting force:
Perhaps the next deceitful glass thy reason may
destroy;
Or it more fatal still may prove and you be cal-
led to die.

Dear brother, let a sister's prayers, her agoniz-
ing fears;
The pains that daily fill her heart and force away
her tears —

Awake within a sense of shame and rouse to
duty now;
Resolve to touch the cup no more and Heaven
will bless the vow.

Then, brother, in these tender arms I would
again embrace,
With eyes suffused with tears of joy — love
beaming in my face:
I should be well repaid for all my sorrow and
my care,
And unto God my gratitude would melt in fer-
vent prayer.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ANGELINA RICHARDSON.

When youth was smiling on thy cheek —
Hopes brightening in thy breast;
When thou wert loved and cherished most,
God took thee to thy rest.

We bow submissively to Him,
Who tore thee from our love —
For well we know thy spirit now
Is with the blest above.

Thy tender voice in kindness spoke,
When we were wont to stray,
And from blind folly's dazzling path,
Urged us in love away:
And when the hand of sickness pressed,
How constant round our bed
Has been thy watch through weary nights,
With aching heart and head.

But thou art gone, and never more
Thy love shall bless us here;
No more thy gentle, soothing voice,
Life's dreary moments cheer.
We shall return at evening hour,
Weary and faint and sad;
And we shall miss the wonted smile
That made us always glad.

But, sister, 'mid this trying scene,
We hear a voice from thee —
"I'm happy in my Father's arms —
Brothers, weep not for me;

But o'er your sins and follies weep,
And seek to be forgiven —
That when you pass the vale of death,
Ye may ascend to heaven.

"Kind parents, it was hard to part,
But Jesus called away;
He beckoned to his glorious home —
How could I longer stay?
The raptures of the heavenly state,
O, could you taste below,
The burden of your prayers would be,
Lord, may we also go?"

Farewell, blest saint! till we shall meet
Thy spirit in the sky,
Where none will sorrow, and where tears
Are wiped from every eye.
Till then, thy meek and holy life
To duty will incite,
And in a world of perfect bliss
Our spirits shall unite.

WHO WILL REMEMBER ME?

When all the springs of life decay,
And death invades this house of clay,
Who will remember me?
The sun will shine as brightly then,
The shout go up from busy men,
And all will laugh as merrily.

Perhaps an aged mother's tear
May silent fall upon my bier,
Who can't forget her son;
And she will linger round the tomb,
Where they have lain in life's full bloom,
One whom she placed her hopes upon.

A father too, with streaming eyes,
May gaze with silent agonies
Upon the sable shroud;
While they who circle round the door,
May look for once, and think no more
Of him who left the maddening crowd.

A sister or a brother may
The last respects of duty pay,

And then the past forget —
And in a few brief months at most,
All traces of the scene are lost,
Till other friends pay nature's debt.

And tender children too, may trace
Their father's image in my face,
When the last pang is o'er —
And 'mid their infant sports they 'll feel
Sad thoughts upon their spirits steal,
To know that he will speak no more.

A loving wife may place a stone,
Where sleeps in silence and alone,
The pride of early years —
To tell the thoughtless passer by,
Whose ashes 'neath the green turf lie,
Profusely watered by her tears.

Save these, who will remember me,
When the unfettered spirit 's free,
And dust to dust returns?
Friends — what are they when I am dead?
Will one soft tear of grief be shed,
By hearts where love's pure feeling burns?

In some far distant day to come,
Will time's corroding tooth consume

The stone above my bed —
And other bodies be consigned,
And in the same small compass find
A place to lay their weary head.

Thus shall I die and be forgot —
My works — my name remembered not,
By those who follow on;
But if through grace I win the prize
Of bliss eternal in the skies,
Forever there I shall be known.

SEVENTH BIRTH DAY.

'T is thy natal day,
Fair child, and thou
Art bright and gay,
With sunny brow.

Thy little heart
Is bounding high;
No bitter smart
To thee comes nigh.

Thy pearly way
Is paved with joy,
And pleasures play
About thee, boy.

Then early bow
To God in prayer —
And then wilt thou
His blessing share.

He 'll guide thee through
This vale of tears —
Thy strength renew,
And calm thy fears:

And at its end,
Thy journey o'er,
Will be thy friend
Forevermore.

THE SLAVITE.

Who disregards fraternal ties,
The mother's grief, and children's cries;
And 'mid their tears the whip applies?
The Slavite.

Who shuts the word of truth and light,
And seals the mind in endless night,
And yet declares his course is right?
The Slavite.

Who trades in sinews, blood and bones,
Indifferent hears the sufferer's groans,
And sweetest ties of life disowns?
The Slavite.

Who keeps the mind in ignorance,
And chains the soul to time and sense,
And deems instruction an offence?
The Slavite.

Who steals the wages of the poor,
And drives them far from pity's door,
When they can labor hard no more?
The Slavite.

On whom does God in anger frown,
And when the saint receives his crown,
Who 'll sink to endless misery down?
The Slavite.

Whose portion will with demons be,
Where light and hope he 'll never see,
Throughout a dread eternity?
The Slavite.

LOVE OF GOD.

'T is written on the blaze of heaven —
On every star that shines at even;
Upon the morning's earliest ray,
Which ushers in the vernal day —
God is love.

I read it on the threatening sky,
When lurid clouds are hurrying by;
Upon the calm and silent hour,
When night-fall shuts the tender flower —
God is love.

'T is written on the grass that springs;
On every bird with airy wings;
On every drop of rain that falls;
On every tiny worm that crawls —
God is love.

I feel it in the hopes that swell
Within my breast — and who can tell
If I delight to trace Him here,
I may not in a holier sphere,
Love God for aye?

HOPE IN HEAVEN.

The friends we love the dearest,
Fall soonest by our side;
And death is always nearest
The parent's hope and pride.

If in our hearts we cherish
Some tender object there —
'T is doomed the first to perish,
However bright and fair.

Vain mortal, hope in heaven,
For God alone is true;
Though earthly ties be riven,
He will thy good pursue.

If God with thee is present,
Thy passions to control,
Thy paths shall all be pleasant,
And peace shall fill thy soul.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

How sweet are youth's ideal dreams
To thee, my friend;
Hope gaily o'er thy pathway beams,
And love's pure dews descend.

Bright, vernal skies — forever clear,
Soft smile above;
No lowering clouds — no storms appear —
To hide the heaven of love.

Far distant years, to thy young thought,
How full of joy!
And every airy vision 's caught
That savors no alloy.

There is a smile in every eye —
On every brow;
And voices of rapt melody,
How they elate thee now!

Unconscious of the cares that spring
In after years —
Contentment on her golden wing
Dispels life's gloomy fears.

But ah! the future! — who can tell
What 's written there?
Will joy and bliss thy bosom swell?
Or grief, and pain, and care?

Will clouds of sorrow overcast
Thy morning sky?
And disappointment's withering blast
Bid each fond vision fly?

Or will thy life's meridian sun
Be bright as ever?

And lovely still to gaze upon —
To set in darkness never?

Prophetic vision is not given,
Thy fate to see;
But pure as angel bowers in heaven,
I pray thy course may be.

May dark suspicion never rest
Upon thy brow;
But radiant joy within thy breast,
To sterling virtue bow.

May friends surround thee and caress
With smiles sincere —
And every heart conspire to bless
One it esteems most dear.

And when thy happy days are past —
Life's sun declines —
May glory crown their end at last,
Where truth forever shines.

PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

Lord, when beside my bed I kneel,
To say my evening prayer —
If in my heart I do not feel
What words I say — or care
If worldly thoughts and sin intrude,
Thou wilt not bless me there.

Whene'er I pray, my heart should be
With holy saints above;
For God will look — and he can see
If my affections rove;
And then he cannot smile on me
In tenderness and love.

The prayer that comes not from the soul,
Will never reach the skies;
And vain the cry, Lord, make me whole,
With tears and earnest cries,
Unless I feel my worthlessness
In great Jehovah's eyes.

The loftiest language I can use,
Will not acceptance find,

If unto God I should refuse
To bring a humble mind —
And to his just and holy laws
My heart is not resigned.

Lord, teach me how to pray aright,
And make my heart sincere;
To live by faith and not by sight,
With holy love and fear;
Then prayer will be my chief delight,
Till I in heaven appear.

THE GAMBLER.

Thou tempter from the depths of hell,
I hate thy wily arts;
Go, where thy kindred devils dwell,
And feast on broken hearts.

Away — I'll never yield to thee,
Till reason quits her throne;

Thy cloven foot and treachery,
In all thy works are shown.

Thou art disguised in human form
To practice thy deceit;
But demon on thy forehead stands,
True signet of the pit.

Thou cursed of God — thou fiend of hell,
Thy oily words I hate;
Away to thy dark, burning cell,
Where imps incarnate wait.

CHILDREN OF WANT.

God frowns on those who will not hear
The tender orphan's cry —
Who will not wipe misfortune's tear,
But pass neglectful by.

The child of want, how sweet to bless!
The hand that doth bestow

Wherewith to heal the heart's distress,
Like want shall never know.

Then let us feel for those who mourn
For friends beneath the sod —
Who from their bleeding hearts were torn
By Heaven's chastising rod.

And when our fainting spirits droop,
And dust returns to dust,
Our children will look up in hope,
For God will be their trust.

FOURTH OF JULY.

While we, O Lord, are thanking
Thee for thy blessings shown,
The heavy chains are clanking —
And dying captives groan;
The poor black man is driven
From home and friends away;

His tenderest ties are riven,
To be the white man's prey.

But God who ruleth ever
The nations of the earth,
Must frown on those who sever
The children of one hearth;
Who drive the tender mother
Away from all she loves,
And those affections smother
Which God himself approves.

I seem to hear the crying
Of lacerated ones —
Who even now are dying
Amid the roar of guns;
Amid the shout of glory
To God the just on high;
But oh! how must this story
Be shaken from the sky!

Jehovah! burst the fetters!
Set every captive free;
Convince the vile abettors
The sin of slavery;
And in a voice of thunder
Unto the slavite speak —

That every bolt asunder
He speedily may break.

Then on the breath of even
Shall grateful prayers ascend —
And earth rejoice with heaven,
Each claiming God his friend;
And peace and joy and pleasure
Shall sparkle in each eye;
For love which knows no measure
Will flow from liberty.

COME, LORD JESUS, COME QUICKLY.

Come, I'm ready to depart —
Come and take my willing heart;
Why, dear Savior, why delay?
Come and bear my soul away.

I have fought the fight of faith —
Overcome the fear of death;
Now I long to be at home —
Blessed Jesus, quickly come.

Earth has lost her charms to me —
Nothing pleases that I see;
Nothing more can satisfy,
Till my spirit reach the sky.

Come, O come — I long to rest
On my Savior's gentle breast;
Where the storms of life are o'er,
And fierce passions rage no more.

Now they come! the angel band!
Hear their music sweet and grand!
Soon my soul shall be at home —
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

THEY TELL ME.

They tell me I am faded now —
My cheeks have lost their rosy hue —
That sorrow, written on my brow,
Has left its fearful signet too.

Whene'er I meet the giddy throng,
The eyes of all are turned on me —
They ask me for the favorite song
I used to sing so merrily.

But ah! they know not of the grief
That preys so deeply in the breast —
And seem to think, since youth is brief,
I still should be their happy guest.

But can I — can I feign to be
Cheerful and gay, when in my heart
A load is pressing heavily —
And friendship can no joy impart?

No; be it mine to seek a home
In some far — far secluded spot —
Where slander's voice can never come,
And treachery will harm me not.

There I can pass my weary years,
In the deep silence, all alone;
Where no false friend shall wring my tears,
For friends will never there be known.

And when this earthly frame decays,
My grave shall be the waving grass —

With none to lisp or hate or praise,
For none my crumbling dust will pass.

THE SCHOLAR'S ADDRESS TO HER SCHOOL-MATES.

In the field and the grove,
Wherever I rove,
There are songs that I love,
Melodious and sweet;
To the fields then repair,
'Mid songs that are rare,
In the sweet scented air,
Where the lambkins are fleet.

Delay not to go —
There are pleasures I know,
Where the stream wanders slow,
And the banks are all green;
From our studies for sport,
It is well to resort,
Where the moments seem short,
And the skies are serene.

To gratify sight,
The flowers are all bright,
Just bursting to light,
  Amid the young grass;
The bushes and trees,
And soft vernal breeze,
All conspire to please
  The moments that pass.

So away to the grove,
My playmates who love
'Mid the verdure to rove —
  Nor longer delay;
The bright sunny hours
We'll spend with the flowers,
No care for the showers,
  As we frolic and play.

THE CHILD'S FAREWELL.

He upward raised his soft blue eye,
  The last sad look to take,

And while his friends were watching by,
He thus serenely spake:

My hour has come—
I die —I die;
I go to the home
Of the blest on high.

Then let no tear
Be shed for me;
From every fear
My heart is free.

Friends, do not grieve!
With joy I go,
And early leave
This world of woe.

But dry your tears,
Nor longer weep —
I have no fears
In death to sleep.

I bid farewell
To earth and care —
For I long to dwell
In regions fair.

My hour has come —
I die — I die ;
I go to the home
Of the blest on high.

Then like a star at break of day,
That sinks from mortal sight,
His happy spirit winged its way
Up to the world of light.

WHEN LIFE WAS YOUNG.

When life was young, I loved to rove
Among the shady trees ;
To watch the twinkling stars above,
And catch the cooling breeze.

I loved to sport beside the rill
At evening's twilight hour ;
To chase the lambkins on the hill,
And pluck the new blown flower.

I loved to climb the forest tree,
And chase the squirrel there —
And with the little humble bee
His bag of honey share.

I loved to see the pleasant rain
Upon the window fall;
To run along the verdant plain,
And hear the night bird's call.

I loved to see the lightnings fly,
To hear the thunders roll,
When clouds along the troubled sky
Were stretched from pole to pole.

I loved to watch the dancing sea,
When winds more fiercely blew;
I loved in the swift ship to be
As high the spray she threw.

I loved to see the king of day
Over the hills arise,
And as his splendors died away
To watch the golden skies.

I loved to take my line and rod
And cast it in the bay,

To catch the little smelts and cod
That sported there so gay.

I loved to think of years to come,
When I should be a man:
Ah! little thought I that the sum
Of life is but a span.

I loved — but oh! it gives me pain
To think that joys depart —
To know that I shall ne'er again
Possess a sinless heart.

But, Father, grant me to improve
The remnant of my days —
And pour into my breast thy love,
That I may render praise.

HOPE.

When the heart is o'erburdened with sorrow and grief,
And in vain to the earth we look for relief —

There 's a solace above — hope points the soul there —
It descends by the breath of the humble in prayer.

When lonely and sad and our pathway is drear;
No voice to enliven — no music to cheer —
And the lines of deep anguish on our hearts are engraven,
There 's comfort for us—'tis alone found in Heaven.

When friends who were faithful have treacherous proved,
And we wander dejected, cast out, unbeloved —
Hope whispers, there 's One who'll never forsake,
Though the pillars of earth should totter and break.

When the sting of remorse has entered the breast
— No pleasure on earth, and in heaven no rest;
There is calm for the soul in the sunshine of love,
On the banner of peace as it floats from above.

When the lovely and beautiful slumber in death;
In triumph resign to their Maker their breath;
Hope whispers we'll meet them again in the skies,
Where bliss is supreme and the soul never dies.

Thus, daughter of Heaven, sweet hope will appear
In sickness to bless and in sorrow to cheer;
In darkness and doubt — in fear and in gloom,
And chase the dark shadows that rise o'er the tomb.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY LOUISA WILLIAMS.

Our hearts are sad; for she who late
Joined in the happy throng,
And sung so merrily with us,
The gay and cheerful song,
Has bowed to the stern conqueror,
Though beautiful and young.

We miss that mild and pleasant voice,
That bright and beaming eye —
That matchless brow which ever shone
With sweet benignity;
We miss that active, soaring mind
Earth could not satisfy.

Our hearts are sad: we linger round
The cold and senseless clay;
For oh! 't is hard for us to feel
Thy spirit is away —
That we have seen the last fond smile
Upon thy features play.

But there 's a joy to light the gloom
That thickens in the breast;
We feel thou art an angel now
With God forever blest —
Amid the glorious throng above
A bright and happy guest.

To live like thee while we remain
Shall be our constant care —
And for the bliss thou hast secured,
Each day and hour prepare;
Then, happy saint, when God shall call,
We 'll reign together there.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

[In Mrs. Bray's Letters on Devonshire, an anecdote is preserved of a lady in the reign of Charles I., who in some fit of caprice, demeaned herself so toward a suitor, whom in heart she loved, that believing himself utterly discarded, he joined the King's army, and was killed at the battle of Newbury. In obedience to her father, she afterwards married an officer on the parliamentary side; but on the marriage day, feeling too surely that her heart was broken, she wrote a letter expressing that conviction, and relating the causes, and requesting that she might be buried near her first and only love.]

She said she did not love him,
And turned from him in scorn;
But the tear drop in his eye
Told that his hopes were gone:
For his love was strong and tender,
And alone would live for her;
And he sought the field of battle,
To find a sepulchre.

But her father in his anger
Another lover chose;

And though her brow was smiling,
  Her heart was full of woes.
The deep and silent anguish
  That on her spirits preyed,
No peace or rest would give her,
  And she began to fade.

And when the rites were over,
  And she became a wife,
She thought to lose her sorrow,
  But burdened was her life:
Her tender heart-strings parted,
  With grief and pain oppressed —
And in her dying moments
  She made this last request: —

When I am dead, O lay me
  Beside my only love —
Whose pure and sainted spirit
  Is now at rest above.
My folly and unkindness
  Drove him from friends and home,
To seek the field of battle,
  To find an early tomb.

Lay me, O lay me near him,
  The true and noble one;

For my poor heart is broken
To think what I have done.
And every breath of summer
That o'er his ashes sighs,
Brings unto me reproaches —
To heaven for vengeance cries.

Lay me, O lay me near him —
I long to be at rest;
For sighs and tears and sorrows
Have wrecked my youthful breast.
O, could I see him only
To ask forgiveness now —
Before the great destroyer
How sweetly could I bow.

Then lay me, lay me near him —
The faithless with the true;
The vow that once I pledged him
I will in death renew:
And though in life we parted,
We 'll meet again above,
With the holy saints and angels,
And there forever love.

EIGHTH BIRTH DAY.

On noiseless wing time speeds away ;
How short doth it appear,
Since last I heard thee smiling say,
"I 'm in my seventh year ! "

Now all that 's pleasant, fair and bright,
Surround thy peaceful way ;
Thy brow of love and eyes of light,
Look smiling as the day.

The bloom of pleasure crowns thy cheek,
Joys overflow thy breast ;
Nor pains, nor cares thy slumbers break,
And gentle is thy rest.

The world is new to thee, dear one !
Deceit and treachery
In thy glad heart have not begun
To hold their iron sway.

Thou know'st not what it is to hate —
To lose thy early love ;

But thousand foes around thee wait,
To teach thy feet to rove.

The world in various ways will try
To lure thee from the truth,
By false pretence and flattery,
In inexperienced youth.

But thou must turn a deafened ear,
Unheeding what they say;
Be just, and in thy ways sincere,
Nor daily cease to pray.

And if, my child, I sink in dust,
Ere manhood's on thy brow,
Do not forget in Him to trust,
To whom I lead thee now.

And when the hand of death shall lay
Its fingers cold on thee,
Angels shall bear thy soul away
To praise eternally.

THE RUM SELLER.

Who decks his shop with dainties rare,
And spreads them round with taste and care,
To draw the young and thoughtless there?
The Rum Seller.

Who that the youth may not be seen,
Where tipplers drink destruction in,
Erects before his bar a screen?
The Rum Seller.

Who to entice the honest clerk,
When he's returning from his work,
Deals out his poisons after dark?
The Rum Seller.

Who keeps the young apprentice long,
Enticed by tales and vulgar song,
And teaches him to practice wrong?
The Rum Seller.

Who causes tears like floods to flow,
From those whose children early go
Down to the grave and endless woe?
The Rum Seller.

Who chills the heart that once was kind,
The conscience sears and makes it blind,
And fattens on the deathless mind?
The Rum Seller.

Who makes the youth a hardened sot,
His life on earth a perfect blot,
And murders souls, yet feels it not?
The Rum Seller.

O, who to ruin daily leads
Immortal minds — and with the seeds
Of infamy the spirit feeds?
The Rum Seller.

Who should I as infection shun,
Lest I forever be undone?
That wicked and deceitful one —
The Rum Seller.

SHUN THE GAMBLER.

Pass by, pass by the gambler's cell
For 'tis the vestibule of hell,
Where imps incarnate love to dwell,
And all their damning projects tell;
For if but once you enter there,
Your utmost confidence and care
Will not preserve you from the snare,
And in a moment, ere aware,
The intoxicating cup you 'll sip;
Your strength will fail, your feet will slip,
And vice and infamy and crime,
Will stain your heart ere manhood's prime;
Remorse will fill each hour with dread,
And horrors through your path be spread
In vain you 'll seek for peace of mind,
For peace on earth you 'll never find
And while the raging thirst 's within,
For spirit, gambling — hellish sin —
No power save that which is divine,
Can make the heart its god resign.
Then turn away with deep disgust,
From him who aims your heart to thrust,

With weapon deadlier far than steel;
The wound he gives will never heal:
His pleasant look and smiling eye
Are indexes of treachery;
His softest words and kind caress
Spring from a heart of rottenness;
Your friendship he will seem to prize,
Of friends talk learnedly and wise,
When if his heart were spread to view,
You 'd see his plot to ruin you.
Your gold he loves, and this alone —
He angry shuts, when this is gone,
The door against you, and declares
You ne'er again shall shade his stairs.

Thus lost in health, and sunk in vice,
(For infamy how great the price!)
You know not where your steps to bend:
Your father, once your truest friend,
Whom you forsook for drinking men —
His mansion, for a gambler's den,
You dare not seek. Shame and disgrace
Flood your lost heart and seek your face.
You dream of happy days long past,
And tears will force themselves at last;
In agony intense you sink,
And deem yourself on hell's dire brink;

With all the horrors of the lost,
You seem on fiery ocean tost;
Your reason totters — fails — you start —
Grasp the cold steel and pierce your heart!

NEW ENGLAND.

I LOVE thee, New England, I love thee —
The land of the true and the free;
No clime under heaven above thee,
So bright and so dear is to me:
'T is here where proud freedom's broad pinion
With the sunlight of glory is crowned;
And where, through thy spacious dominion,
No despot or tyrant is found.

What though from thy bleak, hoary mountains,
Thy valleys look barren and drear —
And frosts stop the flow of thy fountains,
Till the warm rays of summer appear;
I love thee, New England, I love thee,
The land of my fathers, my home;
And never till death shall remove me,
From thy rock-bounded shore will I roam.

HAVE I NO SOUL?

Why was I made to be oppressed,
The galling chain to wear;
Since God has planted in my breast
Yearnings for freedom there?

Is it because Jehovah gave
To me a darker skin,
That I am doomed to be a slave?
Have I no soul within?

If I've a soul, can ye deny
Heaven's glorious gift to me?
I read upon the burning sky,
God made the Afric free!

'T is written on each golden ray
That ushers in the morn;
Where'er a sunbeam finds its way,
There liberty is born.

O, then shall I be made to bow
Beneath the scourging rod;

With freedom's impress on my brow,
Stamped by the living God?

I scorn the thought; a worthless thing
I'll ne'er consent to be,
Since I was made by heaven's high King,
A man, erect and free.

But stint my food — rob me of rest —
Each earthly bliss deny;
Ye cannot smother in my breast
The soul of liberty.

THE GRAVE YARD.

The dreary mansion of the dead —
What melancholy feelings swell,
As through these sombre walks I tread,
And breathe to noise and strife farewell.

Here sorrow finds an end, and grief,
And pain, and life's perplexing cares;

And here the mourner finds relief,
By pouring out to heaven his prayers.

While reading on each crumbling tomb,
The names of those who once were blest
With life, and health, and beauty's bloom,
What solemn feelings crowd my breast!

Ah! little thought they, when the throng
Poured fulsome praises in their ears,
And life was like a pleasant song,
How brief were their delightful years!

Beneath this polished marble lies
A youth to vice and folly given —
Whose talents would have made him wise,
Had he but guidance sought from Heaven.

But in the fascinating crowd,
Where crimes the midnight hours consume,
His system to his vices bowed,
Ere youth gave place to manhood's bloom.

Beneath this monumental pile,
Which ages scarce can wear away,
There sleeps the vilest of the vile,
As if his name would ne'er decay.

Gold was his god, and he oppressed
The widow and the orphan child;
No sympathy was in his breast —
On suffering man he never smiled.

Beneath yon mound, without a stone,
Which men in thoughtless mood pass by,
Sleeps one to honors here unknown,
Who has a fadeless crown on high.

But in the grave, the rich, the poor,
The humble, proud, are equal made;
To endless life this is the door —
Alike the path to endless shade.

Ambition here must have an end —
I read it on each crumbling tomb —
And haughty spirits here must bend,
And hoary age and youthful bloom.

I CANNOT BREATHE FAREWELL.

I CANNOT breathe farewell to thee
My loved and loving friend;
I will not doubt thy constancy
Till time and trials end:
I read upon thy polished brow,
And on thy glowing cheek —
"I loved him once — I love him now,
More than I dare to speak."

Through all the trials of the past —
Amid my numerous foes,
Who dark reproaches on me cast,
And multiplied my woes;
Thou—O, what love!—did'st take my part
And bore my load of grief—
While others shut me from their heart,
And to my plaints were deaf.

Dearest, I should be more than brute,
Not to repay thy love;
Of all that feeling destitute
Which glows in heaven above:

Thy modest virtue and thy grace,
How dearly do I prize!
The very soul of loveliness
Beams in thy sparkling eyes.

Thy gentle voice was always kind,
E'en when I grieved thee sore;
To every weakness thou wert blind —
Reproaches meekly bore:
Ay, when I tore thee from my breast,
With anger on my cheek,
E'en then thy look of sorrow blest,
With heart too full to speak.

Dear, lovely girl, I never will
Again thy pleasures mar;
But cling to thee in woe or weal,
For thou art good as fair:
Each nerve I'll strain to make thy days
Pass like an Eden scene —
Where happy birds prolong their lays,
In groves forever green.

Where'er I go, my guiding star
Shall be thy love alone;
'T will shine upon my path afar,
When other lights are gone:

Amid the dreary wilderness,
Upon the mountain's side,
'T will ever shine with beams to bless,
And the poor wanderer guide.

At home — abroad — thy constant love,
With influence divine,
Like to a flame from heaven above,
Will all around me shine:
'T will be my solace and my joy,
In sorrow and distress;
O, should my crimes my health destroy,
Thou would'st not love me less.

Dear Ellen, then, I pledge to thee,
That I will never prove
A recreant, wheresoe'er I be,
To thy undying love.
Within my heart thy image there,
Indelibly impressed,
Through every joy and ill I 'll bear,
Till in the grave I rest.

Thou shalt not want for aught below —
I 'll toil by day and night,
To make the stream of pleasure flow,
And fill thee with delight;

And if a cloud of sorrow rise,
To shade life's blissful day,
My love will brighten all the skies,
And drive the storm away.

Thus as our golden moments haste,
And life shall lose its bloom,
We 'll look with joy upon the past,
Nor fear the threatening tomb,
In an embrace, O could it be,
That we might quit this clod —
In death no terrors should we see,
But sweetly rise to God.

THE STARS.

'T is evening and the stars shine bright
Beneath the vault of heaven —
And pleasant is their modest light
To our lone pathway given.

What are the stars that twinkle so
In the blue depths above ?

The home where holy spirits go,
To live a life of love?

Or are they but the pavements spread,
Where Glory walks abroad?
Or diamonds sparkling round the head
Of the majestic God?

I gaze with wonder and delight —
And yet I know not why —
Upon those glorious orbs of light,
That hang about the sky.

Their destiny I cannot tell,
Nor when they had their birth;
They 've burned since chaos backward fell,
And God created earth.

How grand and awful is that power,
Which made the planets blaze;
I can but wonder and adore,
As to the heavens I gaze.

There is a God, the stars declare,
In undisputed lines;
Upward I look and read it there
In every orb that shines.

HELL.

There is a worm that never dies,
Which feeds on deathless souls;
And there are flames which upward rise
From unextinguished coals.

There is a world of dreadful pains,
Where fallen spirits dwell,
Confined in adamantine chains,
In the low depths of hell.

No voice of love will ever reach
This dismal, dark abode;
But justice will in terrors preach
The anger of a God.

No grateful draught will quench the thirst,
Or cool the burning tongue;
But fiery snakes forever must
Round the parched members throng.

Death can't allay the sufferings there —
The soul will never die;

But ages will on ages wear
The burning misery.

This, sinner, this will be thy doom,
As God's own word declares,
Unless thou wilt to Jesus come
With penitential prayers.

In melting words of tenderness,
The Savior pleads for thee;
Accept to-day his proffered grace,
And his disciple be.

Remember, if thou now despise,
And cast his love away,
Thy deathless soul at last will rise
Where fiery scorpions play.

To-day, while mercy calls, attend
To wisdom's voice divine —
And in that praise which has no end
Shall thy rapt spirit join.

VOICE OF THE FALLING LEAF.

Hear my story — it is brief —
Said the little, falling leaf:
In the spring of buds and flowers,
Mine were bright and sunny hours;
Pleasant moments past away,
And as pleasantly the day;
Till young summer, fresh and green,
With her gay attire was seen; —
Then upon the waving tree
I was happy as could be;
Every morning's sun that rose
Did some beauteous thing disclose,
To my pleased, admiring eye:
Buds and flowers would I espy,
Which to light and being burst —
Peeping from the humble dust:
The soft zephyr I would feel
Gently o'er my spirits steal;
And alike in sun or shade
Gay and cheerful was I made.
But the summer time is past,
And the frost is coming fast;

Soon he'll lay his hand on me,
And I then shall cease to be:
Dry and faded, I shall fall —
'T is the fate of me and all;
And when spring again shall bloom,
Other buds will take my room.
Thus I'll die and be forgot,
And my place remembered not;
But, O man, a lesson learn —
This important truth discern,
Though 't is given by a leaf;
Time is flying — youth is brief;
Soon the happy season past,
You will fade like me at last;
To secure a peaceful end,
Let your steps to virtue tend;
For you will, unlike to me,
Live through an eternity;
Dying with true wisdom blest,
Heaven shall be your endless rest.
As it spoke the wind passed by,
And the leaf fell parched and dry.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN K. RICHARDS.

Thou art gone — the loved and cherished
In the heart of friendship warm ;
Like the blooming flower that perished
'Mid the rude, autumnal storm.

While thy voice of praise and gladness
Fell upon our joyful ears,
List ! a sound of woe and sadness,
Followed by a flood of tears.

In a moment when we thought thee
Full of life and health as ever,
Death's commissioned angel sought thee,
And the thread of life did sever.

Thy companion, who can cheer her
In her solitary way ?
For the hand of God is near her —
Gone is her support and stay.

And thy children, who will bless them,
With no tender father's care ?

Who so kindly will address them,
And commend to Heaven in prayer?

But we mourn not the departed —
Thou wert well prepared to go;
But for these — the broken hearted —
Suffering pangs of keenest woe.

Farewell, brother, we shall meet thee,
Soon shall meet thee in the skies;
Then how blest 't will be to greet thee
Where the spirit never dies.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

Live alway? No! It is my sweetest joy
To know that I shall leave this fleeting earth,
These transitory things — that I must die.
Though few have been my days, yet have I seen
Deceit and treachery. Sorrow and care
In much profusion through my path have flowed.
Grief too has preyed upon my youthful breast,

And those in whom I placed my dearest hopes
Have turned aside and left me desolate.

Live alway? No! There is a better home
Beside the Source of endless life above —
A home where pleasure rolls its living tide,
And peace and joy like fountains flow. O, there,
When dull mortality is shook aside,
Be it my lot to dwell.

Live alway? No! —
Man cease to decorate thy earthly clod:
Why pamper that which worms must soon devour?
Why cling to dust when called to wear a crown;
A fadeless crown in heaven? The hour is nigh
When death shall put his icy seal on thee —
When stores of wealth can't purchase ev'n a drop
Of bliss, to cheer thy passage to the tomb.

Live alway? 'T is the wish of infidels,
And those who doubt the being of a God;
Who have no prospect of a fairer home
Than earth affords. But Christians, who in heart
Adore and worship the great King of heaven,
Breathe out the prayer, I would not alway live.

PRAYER FOR PURITY.

Blessed Savior, own me thine;
Wash me in thy blood divine;
Take away my pride and sin;
Make me pure, all pure within.

Let my heart no longer rove;
Let me not ungrateful prove;
Since thou hast been kind to me,
May I humbly follow thee.

Take away each wrong desire;
Purge me as with living fire;
Then my feet shall follow on
In the path thy love hath shown.

Let me never once forget,
That my way is slippery yet;
If I would possess delight,
I must keep my armor bright.

Keep me then beneath thy wings,
Lord of lords and King of kings;
And my feet shall never stray
In the dark and downward way.

SCENE ON THE FOURTH.

"Massa, what means the noise I hear —
The roaring gun and ringing bell?
I trembled when at work with fear;
The reason why I cannot tell.

"Each moment seemed the noise was nigher,
And, massa, I was sore afraid;
Thinks I, it may be they will fire
At poor old Bill, and kill him dead."

"Why, Bill, you fool — do you not know
This is the day we celebrate —
When we were saved from freedom's foe,
And from oppression's awful fate?"

"We celebrate! Why, massa, who?
Should poor old Bill rejoice the more;
Throw down his axe, and spade, and hoe,
Touch off the gun and make him roar?"

"You rascal, no! you're but a slave —
Far better than if you were free;
So back to work, you silly knave,
And talk no more of liberty."

"Massa, one word — because the Lord
You pray to in the skies above,
Has taught us in his holy word,
Our neighbors as ourselves to love —

"Is it that you can make poor Bill
Dig hard and sweat throughout the day?
Is it your heavenly Father's will,
Or am I not your neighbor, hey?"

"Away you rascal, instantly! —
And if another word I hear,
Sooner than talk of liberty,
You'll massa beg the whip to spare."

"'Tis cruel," thought the poor old black,
"But God will be my friend, I know,"
As to his task he hurried back;
And the Afric's tears began to flow.

THE VICTIM.

Poor Edwin! when I think of him,
My heart is full of grief;
For he has faded like the flowers;
His life will be as brief:
I knew him when in guileless youth
He sported with the throng,
When he was happy as the birds
That filled the air with song.

The beauty of his healthful cheek,
And his high, manly brow,
Fond memory traces in the mind
In all its freshness now;
I see him in those tender years,
Cheerful and bright and gay;
First in the affections of his mates;
First chosen in their play.

An angry word — an oath profane —
The vile, indecent song —
Were never treasured in his heart,
Or trembled on his tongue.

His language was the blessed words
Of truth and soberness,
United with a soul that felt
For misery and distress.

Years flew apace, and youthful hopes
To sterner feelings bowed;
And Edwin mingled in the throng
Where the gay and vicious crowd.
At first his conscience, faithful friend,
Gave him a sharp rebuke,
And he determined to retrace
The unguarded step he took.

Temptations thicken as we yield,
And seem less fatal too;
And every step in vice we take
'T is easier to pursue:
Once passed the bounds of virtuous life,
Our feet will swiftly glide,
Till we are borne with rapid force,
Down, down destruction's tide.

So Edwin found — and in an hour
When principle was low,
He yielded to the fatal glass —
That dark, insidious foe.

'T was in the lighted hall, amid
Proud folly's dazzling train,
Where sylph-like forms in splendor move,
He bartered health for pain.

Oh, what a fall! Behold him now —
His bloom of health has fled;
With nervous body, racked by pains,
He begs his daily bread.
His mind — that generous, noble mind —
Once destined for the skies,
Degraded far below the brute,
A mass of ruin lies.

Ye who are tempted to depart
From virtue's heavenly way —
To whom is held the maddening cup
To lead your hearts astray —
Resolve, as long as reason holds
Her empire in your soul,
You will not touch, or look upon,
The false and damning bowl.

SAILORS' TEMPERANCE HYMN.

What hands amid portentous storms,
Can work the vessel safely through?
And which can bear exposure best,
A temperate or a drunken crew?

Who in a torrid zone survive,
When sailors fall on either side?
They who the fatal poison sip,
Or those to whom it is denied?

Who on a stormy, frigid coast,
The longest will the cold endure?
They who partake the maddening bowl,
Or those who drink the water pure?

'T is a bold truth, that temperate men
Survive, although exposed as much;
Then never, sailors, when at sea,
The soul-destroying poison touch.

Resolve to-day — and pray for grace
That you the resolution keep —

To taste, nor touch the fatal cup,
In port or on the mighty deep.

Then joy will dwell within your breast,
And peace and plenty smile around;
At home you 'll be a welcome guest,
Where all the bliss of life is found.

MY MOTHER.

My mother, thou art growing old;
Thy locks, as white as snow,
Proclaim thy years are well nigh told,
And thy cheeks have lost their glow.

O, must thou fade so soon away,
My best and only friend?
Thou who first taught my lips to pray —
My infant knees to bend?

Thou who forsook thy couch at night
To watch around my bed —

And deemed it still a fond delight
To kiss my feverish head?

Thy kindness in my tender youth
I never can repay;
In sickness ever near to sooth,
And comfort every day.

My mother! I can never tell
Of all thy tenderness;
For thou hast loved — loved much too well,
And watched too oft to bless.

When weary, and my toil is o'er,
I 'm sinking to my rest,
I seem to feel as years before,
When nestling at thy breast.

But as thy evening hours decline,
With all life's labor past,
No joys shall be so great as mine
To cheer them while they last.

My mother! every nerve shall strain
To take away thy care:
Could'st thou but live thy years again
I would thy trials share.

I MUST DIE.

Though beauty blooms upon my cheek
In its divinest glow —
And in her liveliest lines bespeak
Health's full, impassioned flow —
Yet I must die.

Though glorious prospects brighter beam
With every rising day —
And sweet as youth's ideal dream,
Blest moments pass away —
Yet I must die.

Though friends to bless me daily pour
Their favors at my feet;
Nor seem to think their kindness o'er,
Till they their gifts repeat —
Yet I must die.

No earthly wisdom can arrest
The finger of disease;
Death has a dart for every breast,
To thrust it when he please —
And I must die.

What care I then for boundless wealth,
And all the joys of earth;
For sprightly youth and blooming health?
All, all are nothing worth —
Since I must die.

But I will choose bright wisdom's part,
And win a heavenly prize;
And when grim death invades my heart,
My soul will reach the skies —
And never die.

THE FUTURE.

Could I behold the future years,
Which heaven designs for me —
The blasted hopes — the trembling fears —
The weary nights — the woes and tears —
How wretched must I be!

The friends who love me and caress,
And meet me with a smile —

Who watch around my path to bless,
More than my feeble words express —
May then have hearts of guile.

The hill of fame that looks so bright —
So dazzling to my view —
Where Poesy in robes of light
Beams glorious on its sunny height,
I may in vain pursue.

The world perhaps may treat with scorn,
Turn from their love away,
The unassuming, humble born,
Till every hope on earth is gone,
And springs of life decay.

Or it may be an early tomb,
This fading form shall find;
O, could I know, when death shall come,
That heaven would be my endless home,
I then should be resigned.

THE SAILOR.

Dark rolls the sea — and I can hear
Nought save the wind's low moan;
No light marks out my pathway drear —
Yet I am not alone.

God, who has been my guardian through
Life's devious, thorny maze,
My future welfare will pursue,
On land or on the seas.

I feel to bless my Maker now,
And praise him from my heart —
As gently through the waves I plough
He doth his grace impart.

On land I could no safer rest,
Or more serenely sleep;
I seem soft cradled on His breast
While bounding o'er the deep.

The seas may swell — the storms may beat,
And toss my little bark;

But Jesus is my safe retreat,
Though all without is dark.

He calms the tempest and the storm,
And stills the sweeping wind,
And to a weak and feeble worm
He never proves unkind.

THE RETAILER.

I SLEPT, and forms terrific passed,
All grim and ghastly in the nether pit.
And who are these? I asked: none spake save one
Who seemed tormentor chief, and managed all.
And when he spake I saw 't was Lucifer.
"This withered one," he said, "was he who sold
My darling bait, beneath religion's garb.
He dealt the poison to the worthy man,
And made him poor indeed. See, there he stands:
He curses him who led him down to hell,
And will forever pour his damning oaths.
Here 's a retailer's son, who learned to sip
While tending at his Christian father's bar.

There he was taught to taste and love the bait,
And early sunk into the drunkard's grave.
Hark! hear him gnash his teeth and curse the
prayers
That his own father offered up for him,
Just ere he bade him ope the dram shop door.
Still doth his father pray, and traffic still
In my delusive bait. His brothers soon
Will meet him here: they're following in his track.
But the old man may go to heaven at last."
Groans horrible were heard, and I awoke,
To pray that the unhallowed sin might cease
Ere millions more should sink to deathless woe.

Christian, beware, if it be thine to deal
This deadly poison out. Thy son may die —
In hell may lift his eyes and loud repeat,
"Thou art the cause of my damnation deep."

TO A NEAR FRIEND.

When all the cares of life are o'er,
How sweet the thought will be,

There 's one who 'll cherish in her heart
My fading memory;
Who 'll think of all my love to her,
Who is so true to me.

I sometimes think it were no pain
To lay me down and die —
To have thy constant watch around,
With an unsleeping eye;
To catch each softly whispered word —
Each changing look and sigh.

I seem to feel thy gentle hand
Pressing my temples now;
And as my pain increases fast
Thy tears begin to flow;
And though with watching sick and faint,
To rest thou wilt not go.

Sweet angel! in my dying hour,
My arms would clasp thee round;
And thy soft, gentle whispers would
Like heavenly music sound,
Till life expired — and then thy lips
Would pressed to mine be found.

'T is this that makes me bide my time,
And 'mid life's darkest hours,

Into my sad and sorrowing heart
The oil of gladness pours;
Through days of gloom and solitude
Pure sunlight drops in showers.

No ray of light would pierce the cloud,
Dark, hovering o'er my head;
And thorns and briars spring profuse
Wherever I should tread;
If light and truth and love from thee
Were not profusely shed.

O, thou wilt be my only joy,
In sunshine and in gloom;
The only flower in heat and cold
That sheds a rich perfume;
That through each checkered scene of life
Will never cease to bloom.

And when I sink in death's embrace,
'T is thou wilt weep alone —
Alone in agony wilt trace
Thy joys forever flown —
And wish thyself wert placed beneath
My monumental stone.

CONTENTMENT.

While I am blest with health and friends,
Favors which Heaven in mercy sends,
  Contentment I enjoy;
And every moment as it flies,
Bears grateful incense to the skies,
  Unmixed with earth's alloy.

The various gifts which God bestows —
The love which from his altar flows —
  Spring wheresoe'er I tread;
And guided by his word of truth,
In age I now renew my youth,
  Nor life's last evening dread.

Cares I have seen — but when they came,
I caught from rapt Isaiah's flame,
  Sweet, soothing melodies,
Which drove them quickly from my breast,
And made my darkest moments blest
  With sunshine from the skies.

Where'er my wandering feet have strayed,
In summer's heat, or winter's shade,

This one great truth I learned —
To be content — whate'er my lot,
A princely dome, or humble cot —
And thus content discerned.

So have I kept from strife aloof,
Which is to me sufficient proof,
That every man may share
More joys than pains — more good than evil,
And be less influenced by the devil,
And drive away his care.

As days depart, and seasons fly,
To bring the solemn moment nigh,
When Thou wilt call for me —
Lord, put thy gracious arms beneath,
To guide me o'er the river, death,
To perfect bliss and thee.

GO TO THY PLAY.

Go to thy play, my little boy,
With bounding heart, while life is young;
I would not mar thy sunny joy,
Or hush the prattling of thy tongue.

To play, my child, before the day
Of evil thoughts and cares shall come;
I love to see thee always gay —
It adds a lustre to thy home.

Play on, while yet thy path is bright,
And thy heart loves the birds and flowers;
Long may such innocent delight
Remind me of youth's happy hours.

And may that God who reigns above,
And watches round thy bed by night,
Protect thee daily by his love,
And make thee precious in his sight.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR ?

Who is my neighbor ? It is he
Who shivers at my door ;
Who pines in abject poverty —
Whose days of strength are o'er.
'T is he — that tender orphan child,
With scant and meager fare ;
On whom no friend e'er kindly smiled —
Who has no mother's care.

My neighbor ? 'T is yon thoughtless youth,
Amid the drunken throng ;
Whose heart is steeled to words of truth ;
Who loves to practise wrong.
'T is he, who in the murderer's cell
Is shut from human sight ;
Whose crimes will not permit to dwell
In heaven's reviving light.

Who is my neighbor ? It is he
Who, cruelly oppressed,
Pines 'neath the curse of slavery,
Unpitied and unblest.

'T is he who wears upon his brow
A skin of sable hue :
Although he may to others bow,
I should his weal pursue.

My neighbor ? 'T is the sorrowing,
Wherever he is found ;
To whom I can one comfort bring ;
The feeble, sick or bound.
'T is he who treads the burning sand,
Or scales the frozen hill ;
'T is every man — on sea or land,
Who has a heart to feel.

All are my neighbors — rich and poor —
The bond as well as free ;
And unto none shall mercy's door
Be ever closed by me :
For if unto a friendless soul
I speak or look unkind —
Will not the waves of anguish roll
Upon my deathless mind ?

SORROW.

I 'm sick at heart, and sorrow preys
  Deep in this aching breast;
And weary are my nights and days,
  And I can find no rest.

Once friends were mine; but they have flown
  Like summer clouds away;
And all I loved to call my own
  Have hastened to decay.

Youth's golden dreams! how sweet they were!
  And hopes, how purely bright!
But they have vanished into air,
  And nothing brings delight.

Each chosen object that I loved —
  Had treasured in my heart —
Has from my pure affections roved;
  It seemed like death to part.

The insatiate grave — so dark and drear
  To youth in health and bloom,

Gives no alarm — excites no fear —
I long to be at home.

At home — where sorrow will not prey
In anguish on my soul;
Where in yon bright, eternal day,
No angry waves will roll.

There friends unkind will never prove,
In God's own radiance blest;
But love unmixed, eternal love,
Will reign in every breast.

The anguish that I daily feel
From friendship's broken vow,
My Father's glorious smiles can heal;
O, might they bless me now!

But constant grief and sorrowing
Will be my doom below;
No flowers will in my pathway spring,
To cheer me as I go.

No light illume the dreary way —
No joys my heart engage;
But a long, dark and cheerless day,
Will be life's pilgrimage.

Death, ghastly as thou art, O come,
And find a welcome here;
My spirit yearns to be at home,
In heaven's unclouded sphere.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. MARCUS QUINCY.

The spoils of death, how numerously
About our path they lie;
Dust unto dust, is Heaven's decree,
And all who live must die.

Where'er we tread, the hollow ground
Speaks to our listless ear,
"Before this season circles round
You too may slumber here."

Yet with the warning from the tomb —
Friends falling by our side,
In hoary age and youthful bloom,
And life's successful tide —

How prone to disregard the voice
So solemnly addressed —
And drown in earth's deceitful joys
The awful truth impressed.

Some far, far distant day, we dream,
Will bring the tyrant near;
When earth will to our vision seem
A valley dark and drear.

And so we slumber on, and on,
And waste our fleeting years,
Till all the bloom of health is gone,
And nought is left but tears.

Not so, our brother; when the grave
Frowned darkly to his view,
He felt that Christ had power to save,
And bear him safely through.

Then let his bright example shine
Upon our future road;
And peace and truth and love divine
Shall mark our course to God.

INDEPENDENCE.

To-day a thousand voices
In gratitude arise;
For every heart rejoices
In songs that reach the skies;
For God our happy nation
Well guardeth by his eye,
And ne'er permits invasion
To crush our liberty.

He smiles on honest labor,
And crowns it with success,
That we may help our neighbor,
The poor and fatherless;
That we may love and cherish
Our countrymen abroad,
Whose lives are doomed to perish
Beneath the oppressor's rod.

But to the ear of Heaven,
What mockery ascends!
For tortured, whipped and driven,
From kindred, home and friends,

The slaves this day are weeping;
Their tears bespread the ground,
While o'er their tortures sleeping,
The shout of the free goes round!

Their blood is flowing over
Our southern fertile soil —
And living fragments cover
The fields wherein they toil:
The biting lash all gory
Fresh lacerates their wounds;
And yet the song of glory
Through all our land resounds!

On every cheek there 's pleasure,
In every eye there 's love,
And joys profuse in measure
Come streaming from above.
Will freedom last forever,
While human flesh is sold,
And tenderest ties we sever,
For cursed love of gold?

God's judgments thick are hovering,
And soon will burst and fall;
Let sackcloth be the covering
Of every church and hall:

And dash the proud flag flying;
Muzzle the thundering guns;
For million souls are dying —
Columbia's free born sons!

Our countrymen and brothers!
The image of our God!
Friends, children, fathers, mothers!
Shall these upon our sod
Pour out their tears in anguish?
Lay down their lives in grief?
Shall men immortal languish,
With none to give relief?

No! by the love we bear them,
We'll not forget their wrongs,
Till bursts the song of freedom
From their unfettered tongues!
No! with our eyes to heaven,
We lift our voice and swear,
Till every bolt is riven,
We will no effort spare!

HARRIET.

In childhood's summer days, we sported oft
O'er field and glen, plucking the favorite flowers.
We dreampt of nought but pleasure and of joy,
And thought that sunny bliss would ne'er depart.
But if, sometimes, a momentary pain
Would steal across our golden hours of peace,
Kind words and pleasant looks from those we lov'd
Would make our hearts rejoice again. The birds
That caroled in the air, to our fond ears
Brought music rich; and every thing was glad.

But where is she, my friend beloved, most dear?
Beside a rippling stream, there is a spot
Marked out, as 't were, by nature for retreat,
To those whose hearts have deeply drunk of grief;
A spot where love was nurtured in the breast,
When scarce ten summer suns had passed away.
There now repose in rural solitude
The once fair form of Harriet. She died —
Nay lived to die a hundred deaths in one
Ere the pale messenger arrived.

Could I
Unseal the hidden past, how it would wake
Indignant pity in the breast, for those
Whose hearts in guileless youth are led astray.
O, it would rend the flimsy veil that hides
In angel's guise, the demon of the pit —
And in his ugliness expose the wretch
Who dared to trifle with a virtuous heart.

DEVOUT BREATHINGS.

Why is it, Lord, I do not feel
More love and zeal for thee?
My heart, like loadstone to the steel,
Is fixed on vanity.

Draw my affections hence, I pray,
From earth's delusive cares,
And send a glimpse of heavenly day
In answer to my prayers.

Without thy presence I must die —
The sun-light of thy love;

Lord, touch my heart, and purify,
That it may soar above.

Then 't will be sweet to do thy will,
And to thy bosom cling;
Thy presence shall each moment fill,
And constant pleasure bring.

'T IS A PITY WE HAVE MET.

'T is a pity we have met
Since another's love is thine —
And holy and more tender ties
Around thy heart entwine:
Beneath our own bright sky,
In this congenial clime,
Thy days would pass as gloriously
As in life's glad spring time.

'T is a pity we have met,
And kindly words exchanged,
And in our happy thoughtlessness
Amid the forest ranged:

For oh! since we must part,
It wakes the latent sigh,
And bitter, bitter tears will start,
As we speak the last "Good by'e."

'T is a pity we have met,
To smile not here again;
O, had we earlier met than this,
It would not give us pain:
So fare thee well — farewell —
I speak with deep regret;
And ever, ever shall I grieve —
'T is a pity we have met.

SHALL WE MEET IN HEAVEN?

Shall they who travel by our side,
In sorrow and in weal,
With us in God's own house abide,
And be our partners still?

Shall the sweet interchange of heart,
That earthly friendships know,

In heaven those tender joys impart,
Which give such bliss below?

Yes, those we love shall meet us there —
A numerous household blest;
Where we eternal bliss will share
With no unwelcome guest.

Well may we pass our weary days,
Forgetful of our pains,
If God at last our spirits raise,
Where endless friendship reigns.

So let us hush our murmuring voice,
And dry our weeping eyes;
With those we love we shall rejoice
In yonder glorious skies.

WHEN DARKNESS VEILS THE SKY.

When darkness veils the sky,
And dangers hover nigh,

Then to his arms I fly —
My God and Friend;
In him alone I trust —
For him my spirits thirst,
Whose love that drew me first,
Will never end.

When grief and sorrow press,
And there are none to bless,
He doth not love me less,
But still is near:
In gloomiest moments given,
When every prop is riven,
There comes a voice from heaven,
My heart to cheer.

When heavy is my lot,
And kindred own me not,
On earth there is no spot
I call my own —
Beneath His shady wings
My soul of glory sings,
In view of death that brings
Me to his throne.

Where'er I look I see
His blessings poured on me,

Unmerited and free —
From day to day :
In doubt and fear and dread,
I will lift up my head,
And view his favors spread
About my way.

Thus till my life shall close,
To succor all my woes,
And give me sweet repose,
Thou wilt be near :
Nought shall my pleasures mar,
Till where thy glories are,
In the bright world afar,
I shall appear.

A FRAGMENT.

My heart is often sad : the world looks dark
And drear to me ; — I wish to be away
Where I can breathe a purer atmosphere —
And where the lovely and the beautiful
Do perish not. I have a longing deep

And full, to be amid the scenes of heaven,
Where bliss is everlastingly drunk in.
I think about it all the day; and when
The sable curtains of the night shut out
The noise and hum of busy men, I dream
Of the celestial city — with golden gates,
And streets of pearl, and in a measure catch
The eternal songs that quiver on the lips
Of all that pure and spotless throng. I wake;
But 't is to feel a keener misery:
The look of friendship wakens not within
My breast a tender feeling, nor a spark
Of any thing like what the world calls love.
There's none with whom my heart can sympathise.
O, who can tell me why I 'm thus so strange,
Yet long for an eternity above?

WORLDLY FRIENDSHIP.

The friends who in my prosperous days
Delighted to caress;
Whose daily breath pronounced my praise,
Shun me in my distress.

While shining dust my coffers filled,
And plenty smiled around,
And they upon my bounty fed,
No truer friends were found.

My numerous faults were not observed,
Or if they were, concealed;
And every trifling, generous act,
Was to the world revealed.

But when misfortune's darkling cloud
O'er my horizon hung,
Each fault was echoed long and loud
By the aged and the young.

The buried sins of early years
In frightful terror rose,
While not a voice was raised to hush
The clamor of my foes.

The heart that blessed me in my power,
Is now too hard to bless —
And they who loudest sang my praise,
No sympathy express.

'T is thus with man. He 'll gather round
The princely and the great —

While he has favors to bestow,
And for his mandate wait.

But when on eagle's wings his wealth
To other hands has flown,
He 'll pass him as a fugitive,
Unnoticed and unknown.

DREAM OF HEAVEN.

I LOVE beyond the glorious sky,
To look with faith's unclouded eye —
For God is there ;
The God in whose bright presence blest,
The saints forever, ever rest,
And palms of victory bear.

In that celestial world of peace,
When all the storms of life shall cease,
How sweet to reign !
And tune my heart to lofty praise,

While Heaven's full glories round me blaze,
'Mid the bright, seraph train.

O, when shall I these fetters burst,
And upward soar? My spirits thirst
For joys divine —
And fain would break this shell of clay,
Swiftly to wing my joyful way
Where God's perfections shine.

I seem to hear seraphic songs
Warbling from those immortal tongues,
Around the throne;
How pure the notes! — how sweet the strains!
That echo from the heavenly plains,
Where sin is never known.

My soul, be faithful to thy trust,
And light and glory soon shall burst
Upon thy view;
And where no years their circles fill,
Thou wilt in bliss ineffable,
Grace, matchless grace pursue.

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE.

Trust not to beauty — it will fade
Like rainbow tints away —
While virtue in perennial bloom
Suffers by no decay.

Like flowers that blush at rosy morn,
But droop before the sun —
Lo! beauty without virtue dies
When it is gazed upon.

That, born of earth, returns to dust —
This, kindred to the skies —
The life of angels — goes to heaven —
And never, never dies.

Fools worship that, and devils pay
Their homage at its shrine;
God honors this, and heirs of light
Bow to its power divine.

That, feasts on flattery and pride,
And worships self alone;

The food of this, is faith from heaven,
And nothing calls its own.

That, loves applause and pompous show,
And sits in gilded seats —
While this retires to humble life,
And grateful songs repeats.

Trust not to beauty then, when grace
Is wanting in the heart;
With scornful looks and gaudy dress
Virtue can have no part.

Where beauty and where virtue reign,
It is an angel mind;
Secure the prize — and wealth and bliss
Exhaustless you will find.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

She is thy sister — canst thou bind
Her tender limbs with chains?

And to the dust that body grind —
The shell of an immortal mind?
My soul such cruelty disdains.

What though a skin of sable hue
Distinguish her from us?
Shall that the immortal mind undo,
Or prove the heart to heaven less true,
That thou should'st dare afflict it thus?

The Almighty from his throne must frown
At such contempt of Him;
His image there ye trample down,
Born heir to an unfading crown,
Bright as the sinless seraphim.

Why do ye thus? Shall love of gain
Quite turn your heart to stone,
That ye can thus unmoved disdain
The pleading tears — the torturing pain
Of souls as lofty as your own?

In heaven there are no slaves. O, there
No clanking chain is heard;
But in the world of black despair,
Vengeance will heavy chains prepare,
For those who trample on His word.

Obey thy Lord — oppress no more —
Say to thy slaves, Be free! —
Nor stain thy hands with human gore,
Nor close to them salvation's door —
For heaven was made for them and thee.

Then God's approving smile will rest
On thee; thy hoary head
Will be by lisping infants blest,
As parents clasp them to their breast,
And grateful tears profusely shed.

THE COTTAGER.

The world with all its cares, away! —
I 'm happy as the birds that play
Beneath the summer sky:
My children and their faithful sire
Are seated by the cheerful fire —
Joy sparkling in each eye.

Gold we have not — this is our wealth —
Four children blooming in their health,

Fair in their parents' sight —
Whose constant thought from day to day
Is, how they can our care repay,
And give us more delight.

Through winter's cold and summer's heat,
Here in our loved and lone retreat,
The happy hours we pass;
We envy not the men who raise
Themselves by flattery and praise,
And hordes of wealth amass.

Where fashion leads and folly rules,
Men will become the willing tools
Of those who stand in power;
But here, no master do we call,
But Him who guides and governs all —
Whom we alone adore.

The vexing cares — disturbing strife —
That early waste the springs of life —
To us are all unknown;
We feel no care but that which dies,
When evening shadows veil the skies,
And night resumes her throne.

Esteemed by man and blest by God —
Joy centering in our still abode —

Thus let me pass my days;
Through Him, whose love alone I crave,
O'er death I'll triumph and the grave,
And Him forever praise.

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

The Prince of glory — was it he
Who died upon the cross for me?
Enduring pains no mind can tell,
To save my wretched soul from hell?
And yet to love and serve him now,
My haughty spirit will not bow.

Yes, Jesus, thine own blood was spilt,
To wash away my stains of guilt;
My crimes did bring thee from the skies,
To die in keenest agonies —
And yet thou wilt the guilty spare,
That he thy pardoning love may share.

Such love, dear Jesus, as I see
For sinners, manifest in thee —

Shall melt my heart, though hard as stone,
And grief and penitence atone
For the long years I have withstood
Thy wounded side and pleading blood.

So vile a wretch can grace restore,
That he may love to sin no more?
Can mercy smiling from the skies
Bid such pollution upward rise?
Can Jesus to his throne invite
One who to pierce him did delight?

His mercy, O how rich and free,
To call a guilty wretch like me! —
Then with my heart and strength and mind,
I'll strive, unwearied, till I find
That Jesus who upon the tree
Suffered and bled and died for me.

LOVE CANNOT DIE.

My friend, if I had loved thee less,
I might forget thee now;

Nor wish with heart and hand to bless,
One so adored as thou:
But I esteemed thee truly mine,
And thought we ne'er should part,
Till summoned by a voice divine,
Through death's unerring dart.

My love was not of earthly mould —
A burst of passion's flame;
On fire to-day — to-morrow, cold —
It boasts a higher name:
It sprung where pure, eternal love,
Supreme reigns in the breast;
From God's supplying fount above,
Made for each heavenly guest.

It cannot die. Shun and forsake,
And pour contempt on me;
My heart would bleed; perhaps would break;
Still I should cling to thee.
Though on another trusting breast
Thy gentle head might lie —
'T would rob me of my wonted rest —
But love would never die.

Rather than see thy arms embrace,
And clasp another friend —

I would to yon sepulchral place
My body should descend:
'T were more than death for me to see
Thee smile upon another;
'T would rouse within an agony
The grave alone could smother.

If I should live, the dreary years
Would wear continual gloom —
My energies dissolve in tears,
And hope itself consume;
Reason would quit her trembling throne,
And I a warning be
To those who dare such ties disown
As bind my soul to thee.

Then, friend beloved, if fate deny
The only boon I seek,
On no fond breast but this rely,
For it will surely break;
And thou, I know, wilt never find
So true a heart as this —
Forgiving, constant, faithful, kind,
Seeking thine only bliss.

O, my adored, my all below,
Still to this bosom cling;

In pain and sickness, grief and woe,
I will a succor bring.
For thee I 'd scale the frozen hill,
Or tread the burning sand;
I 'd yield to torture on the wheel,
Or in the furnace stand.

THE FARMER'S LIFE.

I LOVE the farmer's life — it is
The seat of every pleasure;
The home where peace and joy and bliss
Are found in ample measure.

Around the bright domestic hearth
The children now are playing;
Anon they skip about the floor,
No envious thought betraying.

Our cattle and our sheep are fine,
Our swine are daily growing,
And all the luxuries of life
Into our lap are flowing.

I'm not perplexed with half the cares
That to the heart are pressing,
Of him who in the city lives,
And scarcely knows a blessing.

So I will live a farmer's life,
And be contented ever,
Till He who made my lot so blest
The thread of life shall sever.

ALL THINGS ARE BEAUTIFUL.

WHERE'ER I turn my wondering eyes,
What beauty I behold!
The broad green earth — the vaulting skies —
The moving clouds of gold; —

The verdure of the opening spring —
The blossoms and the flowers;
What raptures do such blessings bring
In this bright world of ours!

The ice-bound lakes — the drifting snow —
Have beauties in their turn;

In heat or cold — above, below,
What glories I discern!

Thus earth is beautiful to me
Through all the changing year;
Alike when winter's frost I see,
Or when the birds I hear.

How faint the glories earth can bring,
Compared with those above;
'T is but the shadow of His wing —
The darkness of His love.

HEAVEN.

Heaven is my home. That holy rest,
Where no rude cares alarm the breast;
Where friends forsake not, and where love
Flows freely from the Fount above.

Heaven is my home. Near by the throne
Is He who claims me as his own;

To whom, through an eternal day,
The homage of my soul I'll pay.

Heaven is my home. There I shall stand
With all the pure, celestial band,
And know no fear, and feel no pain,
Nor be disturbed by sin again.

Heaven is my home. Transporting thought!
O, may I live then as I ought;
And feel at every setting sun
More anxious for my course to run.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Fold up thy hands and nestle near
Thy mother's throbbing breast;
Jesus will condescend to hear
Thy infant thoughts exprest.

He 'll sweetly look on thee from heaven,
And mark thee for his own,

And kindly speak thy sins forgiven,
And all his love make known.

He 's pleased to hear young children pray,
Who are in heart sincere;
He stoops to bless them every day,
And bring his favors near.

He 'll watch thy path by noon, by night,
Through life's uncertain road;
And when thy days have sped their flight,
Take thee to his abode.

TO A SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

I LOVE thee, child. The look of joy is stamped
Upon thy forehead fair; thy laughing eye
Is bright with young intelligence and love;
And melting smiles have mantled o'er thy cheek.
With willing feet thou meet'st me constantly
At Sabbath school, to hear of truth divine,
And learn the way to endless bliss in heaven.
To look on thee I 'm prone to think thy heart

Is purity's abode; that nought within
Thy buoyant breast e'er entered to defile.
Yet 't is not so; for venomed sin the fair
And beautiful has touched. No power below
Can move a stain deep hid in human hearts.
Sin creeps where entrance nothing else can find;
And lives where all things else would blush to be.
'T is He alone who rules the universe,
The planets in their courses guides, and lives
Unseen in every thing, can change the heart,
And make it pure as he himself is pure.
My fervent prayer it is, that God in love
Would melt and make thy heart a contrite one:
That thoughts unholy and impure, may find
No lodging place in thee; that loveliness
And peace may sit together on thy brow.

Then to thy God in early childhood raise
The language of a broken heart. Lift up,
As oft as morning dawns, thy first and best
Desires; nor cease to pray as long as life
Doth animate thy form. And when the hand
Of death falls heavy on thy soul, the Lord
Will take thee to his mansion blest on high,
Where sin no more will taint the pure in heart.

THE GAMESTER.

Who cheats his neighbor of his purse,
And is to man the greatest curse?
Than whom the robber is not worse?
The Gamester.

Who makes his wife and children shed
A flood of tears around their bed?
From whom the hope of joy is fled?
The Gamester.

Who lives on broken hearts and sighs,
And like a demon in disguise,
With flattery puts out reason's eyes?
The Gamester.

Who shoots the aged father's prop,
And drowns the tender mother's hope,
And furnishes the hangman's rope?
The Gamester.

Who kills the soul, and sinks it where
In gloomy caverns of despair,
Grim devils hold their orgies there?
The Gamester.

From such vile vagabonds I 'll turn,
My bread by industry to earn,
And from my soul indignant spurn
The Gamester.

HYMN FOR ORPHANS.

Once we had parents kind, who loved
To point our infant thoughts to heaven ;
And gently checked us when we roved
From the instructions God has given.

They wept o'er us, and prayed that we
Might early walk in virtue's way ;
And morn and evening bend the knee
To Him who sees us night and day.

But now they 're dead — our parents dear
Sleep 'neath the cold and dewy sod ;
They went to heaven and left us here
With none to point us up to God.

But Christians looked on us in love —
They dropped on us a silent tear ;

They loved the Lord who lives above,
And learned to bless his creatures here.

We 've now a home — have clothes and food,
Protection from the stormy blast;
May friends so kind on earth have good,
And go to dwell in heaven at last.

THE LAMENT.

I NEVER shall be happy more —
My early joys are fled —
The sweetest hours of life are o'er —
My bosom friend is dead:
She who partook of all my grief,
And soothed my laboring breast,
Has withered like the autumn leaf,
When she was loved the best.

Oh, whither — whither shall I go?
For succor none can give;
My scalding tears like torrents flow;
How can I wish to live?

When, yesterday, a flood of bliss
Came streaming to my heart,
I little dreamed of scene like this;
How hard it is to part!

How very hard to part from her —
My bliss — my all below;
The world will be a sepulchre —
A cheerless waste of woe:
No other heart will be as true —
As pure no love will be;
To know I've heard her last adieu
Is more than death to me.

My little babe, what will become
Sweet innocent of thee?
Thy mother's gentle voice is dumb,
That spoke so soothingly.
Who now will lead thy infant feet
In virtue's pleasant way —
And when the world's wild tempests beat,
Teach thy young heart to pray?

O, Thou, who hear'st the ravens cry,
Give ear — give ear to me —
And bring thy soothing influence nigh
This heart of agony.

What though the stroke has been severe,
I'll bless thy chastening rod;
For she who lately blessed me here,
Lives in thy smiles, O God!

THE GRATEFUL HEART.

How sweet the joys that spring
From nature's works around,
To those whose ever grateful hearts
With love to Heaven abound.

In every thing they see
His wisdom and his power —
In worlds that on their axis wheel,
And in the humblest flower.

The birds that tune their notes
To welcome in the spring;
And every breath from hill and dale
A thousand blessings bring.

The grateful spirit sees
The impress of his God
Where'er he turns his wondering eyes —
Above — below — abroad.

God made this perfect world —
How sweet the thought to him —
And frequent in his heart he feels
The love of seraphim.

Not mines of wealth could give
His spirit such delight;
Nor fulsome praise which lifts proud man
To honor's giddy height.

And not a heart that 's touched
With wisdom from above,
Can be a stranger to delight,
And pure and perfect love.

Ay — more than this, he looks
To a still brighter scene —
Where face to face he 'll see his God,
And nothing intervene.

A SISTER'S APPEAL.

My brother, thou art fallen now —
It pains thy sister's heart
To see a friend so dear as thou,
Acting the traitor's part.

Once thou wert wont to meet the throng,
To worship God in prayer;
Join in the sweet and solemn song,
And meet the Savior there.

But now the thoughtless and the gay
Employ thy evening hours:
How can'st thou trifle time away,
And waste thy active powers?

The talents God has given thee,
O, how are they debased!
While groveling in impurity,
How fast they run to waste!

My brother, oh! my brother, turn;
List to the voice of love;
Nor longer dare the truth to spurn,
That comes from God above.

My heart o'er thee in sorrow bleeds;
Renew thy vows again;
Remember, 't is a sister pleads —
O, must she plead in vain?

While tender friends rejoice to learn
The riches of His grace,
O, from thy fatal errors turn,
And wake to righteousness.

This day resolve thou wilt not bow
To pleasure's dazzling shrine;
And God will fill thy bosom now
With love and joy divine.

THE FORSAKEN.

Once, Henry, in thy love was I
As happy as the blest;
And fervently and tenderly
As ever voice exprest,
Thou swore to love and cherish me
Within thy faithful breast.

Whene'er we met, thy vows renewed,
Rejoiced my happy heart;
I knew thee true and purely good,
And thought we ne'er should part;
And when I blest, thy gratitude
Proclaimed how good thou wert.

No cloud obscured the heavenly shine
That hung above our head;
And every pleasure seemed divine,
While care and sorrow fled;
And life's unsullied joys were mine,
As golden moments sped.

But, dearest, where is now thy love?
O, can it be that thou
Wilt to thy word unfaithful prove,
And that most solemn vow,
Which registered in heaven above,
Belies thy actions now?

What! win my heart and then despise,
And turn from me in scorn?
Has mammon's toy thus made thee wise,
To shun the humble born?
Deceit — not love — is in her eyes —
And thou wilt be forlorn.

"My Henry," when I breathed that name,
My heart was full of joy,
And burned within so pure a flame
No other could destroy;
And yet forsaken I'm the same,
And shall be till I die.

Go where thou wilt, my image still
Will track thee where thou art;
And every breath from vale and hill
Will whisper — False at heart!
And gloom and fear thy heart will fill,
And grisly spectres start.

Go, perjured friend, and in thy dreams
A form will kneel to thee —
Nor morning's bright and beauteous beams
Will bid the object flee —
Till every hateful vision seems
A dread reality.

Go, go; but peace thou canst not find;
Thy heart will ne'er rejoice;
No friend will ever be so kind
As she, thy earliest choice;
None will be near thy heart to bind,
Or speak with soothing voice.

So thou as well as I wilt pine,
And both will be unblest;
Thou for destroying heart like mine,
And robbing me of rest;
I for esteeming thee divine,
When thou wert fiend at best.

A FRIENDLY WISH.

Oh, there is joy in store for thee,
Partake and have thy fill;
I would not mar life's buoyancy,
Or thy affections chill.

I would that in thy happy breast
No grief or care should come,
To rob thee of thy peaceful rest,
Or fade thy youthful bloom.

The skies that cover thee, I pray
May never wear a frown;
And love that strengthens day by day
Thy early friendships crown.

May each returning summer bring
Increasing joys to thee,
Till wafted on a seraph's wing
To blest eternity.

O, LORD, REVIVE THY WORK.

Lord, ope the windows of thy grace,
And pour a blessing down;
Let peace, and love, and righteousness,
Our prayers and efforts crown.

Bring sinners, now secure in vice,
To own thy sovereign will;
And touch and melt their hearts of ice,
And lead to Zion's hill.

Then will thy saints on earth rejoice,
Their bosoms glow with love,
And lift in one united voice
Their song of praise above.

WHO IS MY FRIEND?

Not he who in my prosperous hours
Ten thousand smiles bestows;
But when the sky of sorrow lowers
Has classed me with his foes.

Not he who when my coffers groan
Beneath a golden hoard,
Caresses me; but when 't is flown,
Expels me from his board.

Not he who from a humble name
I've raised to honor's side;
But when dark envy blurs my fame,
Whispers the slander wide.

Not he whose smiling presence speaks
His heart is true to me;
But every absent moment seeks
To do an injury.

Not he who when in healthful bloom
Delights to call me friend;

But when my flesh and health consume,
No words of love will send.

Not he who with a flattering tongue,
Extols my virtues high;
But spreads my foibles to the throng
With base malignity.

Not he who labors to obtain
The secrets of my breast;
And then to give my feelings pain,
Reveals them in a jest.

But he 's my friend, who in the hour
Of sickness or distress,
Is ready with a soothing power
To help me and to bless.

When friends are few, he 'll firmly cling
Around my wasting form,
And every ray of hope will bring
To sweep away the storm.

In trying scenes and adverse days,
He will more faithful prove;
And in the darkest hour displays
A still increasing love.

Such friends are angels in disguise,
To wipe misfortune's tear,
And bid the broken heart to rise,
Big with remorse and fear.

LINES WRITTEN IN SADNESS.

My days are wearing fast away,
And sorrow clings to me;
And each succeeding moment brings
But keener misery;
No joys will gild life's gloomy hours
Till death has set me free.

I pace the dreamy solitudes,
Where scarce the sun has shone;
And where amid the depths profound
No human voice is known;
And oft I sit in sadness down
To weep my tears alone.

I shun the busy, crowded mart —
I find no pleasures there;

Man's labor seems a useless task —
Solicitude and care;
And in the joys that thrill his soul
My heart can have no share.

I find no peace where'er I go,
And sorrows thickly brood;
Amid the haunts of busy men,
And in the solitude;
And when I tread the halls of mirth
What burning tears intrude!

But 'mid the gloomy thoughts that rise
Profusely in the breast,
There is a gleam of joy that comes,
My only welcome guest —
It is to know in heaven above
I shall forever rest.

PEACE.

Peace — 't is a blessed word;
Blest are the sons of peace,

Who following their ascended Lord,
From strife and wrangling cease.

Peace reigns in heaven supreme;
It makes that kingdom love;
And it will be the noblest theme
Of all who reign above.

Peace Jesus sought to make,
When from the skies he came;
And who a brother's life can take,
Yet love his holy name?

The men of peace will ne'er
Approve of battles fought;
Or in the martial dress appear,
With pride and folly fraught.

Orphans and widows made,
With none their pains to share,
By men who bloody oceans wade
An earthly crown to wear,

Will kindle deep disgust
Within his peaceful breast,
Who puts in Heaven his only trust,
And blessing man, is blest.

Great God, speed on the day
When all will follow peace;
When brothers will not brothers slay,
And wars and fightings cease.

VOICE OF A DEPARTED SISTER.

Weep no more — I rise in glory —
Pillowed on the breast of love;
Though I 've tasted death before thee,
Sister, soon we 'll meet above.

Weep no more — in songs uniting
With the angels, God I praise;
Oh! such raptures are inviting —
Quickly come to join the lays.

Weep no more — but think how sweetly
Paradisal music sounds;
Sister, gladly will I greet thee
When thy years have run their rounds.

Weep no more — the face of Jesus
Full of love now beams on me;
Sister, could thy faith but see us,
How enraptured would'st thou be!

Weep no more — my days of trial,
Sickness, pain, are ended now;
A little sorrow, self-denial,
And thy love like mine will glow.

Weep no more — but hush thy sorrow;
It was well that I should leave;
Sister, think, a brief to-morrow
And thy heart will never grieve.

Weep no more — for angels flying
O'er thee whisper, I'm at rest;
Since I've felt the pangs of dying,
Sister, dearest, it is best.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

Touch not the cup — its rosy brim
Conceals a poisonous sting,
Which fetters thought, and makes the mind
A withered, lifeless thing.

The mightiest intellect it lays
Low, groveling in the earth;
And gathers gangrene round the soul
That seemed of heavenly birth.

It makes the tender father sway
A rod of tyranny,
And brings to wretchedness and want
The prosperous family.

The mother's heart is made to bleed
O'er children once her stay,
Who for the enticing, maddening cup,
Turned from her prayers away.

The tender wife in secret mourns;
Her husband, where is he?

Ah! once he loved her; now he loves
The drunken revelry.

Touch not the cup; a raging fire
'T will force through all your frame;
True presage of the wrath of Heaven,
And everlasting flame.

Touch not the cup, ye hardy youth,
But turn from it in scorn;
Then o'er your future course in life
A glorious scene will dawn.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

What fills the poor house and the jail
With wrecks of human kind?
And brings disease and infamy
Upon the deathless mind?

What blasts the noblest powers within;
The virtues of the soul?

And like a demon in the breast,
Reigns with supreme control ?

What clothes in rags the helpless child,
The tender mother kills ?
And what the grave-yard and the sea
With loathsome bodies fills ?

Intemperance ! the greatest curse
That devils could devise,
To turn proud man into a brute,
And shut him from the skies.

Ye tender youth, O turn away
From this insidious foe,
Lest he your noble, God-like mind
In ruin overthrow.

WHY AM I OPPRESSED ?

I PINE beneath a load of grief,
With none to sympathise ;
Extend the hand of kind relief,
And bid me upward rise.

'T is not because revolting crimes
Have stained my early years,
That to my sorrows and my cries
Men daily close their ears.

'T is not that I have wronged mankind,
Been cruel or unjust,
That they will thus degrade my mind,
And tread it in the dust.
'T is not because my impious lips
Speak language vile, impure,
That I from year to year am called
These hardships to endure.

'T is not that good and wholesome laws
I disregard and break —
Or trample on another's right,
That puts my life at stake.
'T is not because an evil heart
Reigns in my breast supreme,
That on my poor, benighted soul
No ray of love will beam.

Oh no — 't is this — and this alone —
I have a sable skin,
Which God has in his wisdom thrown
Round a pure soul within.

'T is this that shuts compassion's eye —
Closes the feeling breast —
And dooms my years to slavery,
Unpitied and unblest.

Though gifted with angelic powers,
The avarice of man
Would crush me 'neath the iron hoof
Of his vindictive ban.
Down to the latest sun of life
He 'd scourge his sable brother,
And wound and lacerate his heart,
Each hope of bliss to smother.

And if the pearly gates of heaven
Unbarred at his command,
He 'd track the Afric's spirit there,
And chain the sinless band.
But there's a God of righteousness
Whose image I retain,
Who 'll shut the oppressor from the skies,
While slaves admittance gain.

Though crushed, my spirit will rejoice,
And patient, bide the time,
Till angel pinions bear it safe
To endless joys sublime.

There, raised to thrones and starry crowns,
My bliss will be complete,
To own no master but my God,
And worship at his feet.

THE BIRDS OF SPRING.

Bright vernal songsters, how I love
The season when they come;
Their music, as they float above,
Gladdens my heart and home.

'Mid nature in her gorgeous dress
Of bright and beauteous flowers,
In living colors numberless,
I pass life's halcyon hours.

But half the raptures of the breast
Would be denied to me,
If I were not so richly blest
With the birds' sweet melody.

I rise with the first dawn of day,
And seek the sylvan wood,

While their mellifluous, matin lay,
Fills me with gratitude.

And nature's beauties, with the voice
Of birds upon the wing,
Must every grateful heart rejoice
'Mid the delights of spring.

THE ORPHAN.

They tell me I'm an orphan now,
Without a parent's care;
With none to guide my infant feet,
Or hear my evening prayer.
No mother's love will watch around
Her daughter's devious way,
And with a look of tenderness,
Call her from sin away.

'T was in the spring I heard her voice,
She called me to her side;
But oh! she looked so pale and thin,
I hid my face and cried:

"My child," she said, "I soon must leave
This world of pain and woe;
You are the only tie that binds
My heart to things below.

"But when I'm gone, remember, child,
Your mother's last request,
And never do a wicked thing;
(She clasped me to her breast,)
But every morn and evening pray
And ask the Savior's care;
And He will bless you with his love
Who kindly answers prayer."

She ceased to speak; I turned away,
And to my chamber crept,
And bathed myself with bitter tears,
Till wearied nature slept.
But when I saw her face again,
She in a coffin lay;
I bent me down to kiss her cheek,
But it was cold as clay.

Oh! 't was a bitter day for me,
When my poor mother died;
For I upon the world was cast,
With none to be my guide:

No tender arm will snatch my feet
From folly's dangerous road,
And point me with maternal love
The path which leads to God.

To Him I will commit my way,
Who will a Father be,
To tender children parentless,
If to his arms they flee.
Jesus, I have no other friend,
Receive me as thy own;
And take me when I die above,
Where my dear mother 's gone.

TO MY WIFE.

My heart clings fondly unto thee,
My well beloved wife;
Without thy smiles how could I bear
The checkered ills of life?

Thou art my sun to cheer the way
In disappointment's hour;
My sweet support and gentle stay,
When storms of sorrow lower.

The cares that sink my spirits low —
The gloomy fears that rise —
Are all forgot amid the joys
Thy constant love supplies.

When other friends forsake, I know
There's confidence in one —
Whose true, unchanging, fathful breast,
I daily lean upon.

If sickness come, thy constant watch
Will be around my bed;
And thy soft hands will gently wipe
The cold drops from my head.

O, who would pass this vale of tears,
Without a friend so dear —
Whose presence every moment cheers —
Brings peace and comfort near?

ADIEU.

Adieu to thee. But oh! I feel
Dark clouds my soul o'ercast,
As memory wakens to reveal
Sweet visions of the past —
When all the glowing hopes of youth
Clustered on every side;
And bright with innocence and truth
The hours did swiftly glide;
When not a shade of sorrow hung
Upon the brow of day,
And love her dazzling halo flung
Across her peaceful way.

Adieu to thee. When once I leaned
Enamored on thy breast,
And from thy false words poison gleaned
To rob me of my rest —
I thought no heart for purity
Like thine could e'er be found;
And every word and look, to thee
My young affections bound;
My grief took wings; hope brighter grew
With every day's decline;

And joys, as blessed moments flew,
Seemed more and more divine.

Adieu to thee. Another's arms
May clasp thee to her breast;
But will her beauty and her charms
Insure thy wonted rest?
Will not thy conscience, roused by guilt,
Refuse to give thee joy?
And all the hopes that treachery built,
Shall keen remorse destroy.
The memory of other days
Shall like a spectre haunt—
And in the midst of wealth and praise
Thou shalt forever want.

TURN YE, TURN YE, FOR WHY WILL YE DIE?

Oh, sinner, list!—a voice divine
In gentle accents speaks;
Your heart to heavenly things incline;
'T is God your welfare seeks.

Why will you slight this mercy sent
In kindness and in love —
Nor of your many crimes repent,
When Jesus pleads above?

The hour will come — it hastens near,
When he will cease to plead;
And then his frown will be severe,
When most his smiles you need.

Oh, sinner, turn — be wise to-day,
While life and health are given;
The mandate of his love obey —
Secure a crown in heaven.

Neglect this favored hour, and death,
Before to-morrow's sun,
May seal your hopes and stop your breath,
Ere the great work's begun.

Then through the long, lone round of years,
As hope sinks in despair,
Remorse will draw the burning tears,
And cursing be your prayer.

THE POOR AFRICAN.

All day I toil beneath the rod,
  Uplifted if I turn aside;
And if I 'm found in prayer to God,
  That he would be my guide;
Or take his name upon my lip,
I feel the scourgings of the whip.

If friends would teach me how to read
  God's precious, holy book —
And in my presence Jesus plead,
  That he would deign to look
On me with his forgiving grace —
Prisons would be their lodging place.

Shut out from knowledge, thus I plod,
  Trembling with constant fear;
Often I ask, Is there a God
  Who will the Afric hear?
And free him from the chains that bind
In ignorance his darkened mind?

But there is something tells me soon
  The Afric shall be free:

Glory to God, when this bright noon
In splendor bursts on me!
Then these poor eyes so dim with age,
Shall scan with joy the sacred page.

MY EARLY COMPANION.

Of all my schoolmates he was best beloved;
His eye shone brightest in the youthful crowd;
And he was ever wont contemptuously
To turn from those who took God's name in vain.
No curse profaned his lips; no guile was found
Within his heart; his word and look were truth.
And when the thoughtless mocked the holy book
Which God in mercy handed from the skies,
He would awe-stricken stand, and beg in tears
That they would reverence those truths divine.
He was my senior; and my counsellor
And guide I chose him. In his company
My best, my happiest moments past. When grief
Pressed heavy on my soul, he knew the cause;
For he alone of all my friends could bless,
And tell me of that better home on high,

Where all the pure eternally drink in
Those living joys, that river-like, meander
Around the throne of God, and then invite
My soul to pleasures so sublime.

Edwin!
Could I reanimate thy sleeping dust,
And bring thy disembodied spirit back
To her clay tenement, how would'st thou weep!
Weep blood! at the remembrance of thy youth,
When none reproached thy character so fair.
Alas! temptation with a thousand snares
Beset thee, and thy fall was great — how great?
There 's none can tell. I 'll bury up the deed
In dull oblivion, that urged thy exit.
Millions go yearly to their early graves,
Who once like thee, in an unguarded hour,
Looked on the wine, and sipped the poison in.

REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR.

Little children, young and tender,
As you smiling sport along,

Every idle thought surrender,
Which would lead you to do wrong.

Daily live in fear of Heaven —
His commands of truth obey,
Which to you are kindly given,
Pointing to the narrow way.

For in loving God and serving
Your Creator in your youth,
He will deem you well deserving
Pleasures promised in his truth.

Through this world of sin and danger,
You will be preserved from ill;
For He never proves a stranger,
When we strive to do his will.

THE BALL ROOM.

What will the form of beauty fade,
Which God has in his image made —
The mind corrupt, debase, degrade?
The Ball Room.

What steels the heart to virtue's smile,
And doth the gentle temper soil,
And makes the hands ashamed to toil?
The Ball Room.

What on the cheek of rosy hue,
Where health's divinest colors grew,
Has death's appalling signet drew?
The Ball Room.

What in the cold and midnight air,
With muslin dress and shoulders bare,
Induces youth to venture there?
The Ball Room.

What kills the hours around the glass,
As slow the waiting moments pass,
And sins of vanity amass?
The Ball Room.

What fills the foolish girl with pride,
To think her movements will be eyed,
By one who 'll choose her for a bride?
The Ball Room.

What doth the mind's affections crush,
Drives from the cheek life's rosy flush,
And makes the virtuous female blush?
The Ball Room.

What draws the innocent and young,
To hear the vile, voluptuous song,
Where midnight hours their stay prolong?
The Ball Room.

What deadens virtue, fosters lust,
The purest heart corrodes like rust,
As fatal as a dagger-thrust?
The Ball Room.

What drives the Spirit far away
From those of late who loved to pray,
Who now are thoughtless, airy, gay?
The Ball Room.

What marks the lovely, graceful form,
With all the gush of feeling warm,
As food for the rapacious worm?
The Ball Room.

What o'er the tender conscience rolls
A tide that sears like living coals,
And weaves the winding sheet of souls?
The Ball Room.

Then should I turn with deep disgust
From this Vesuvius of lust —
For God abhors, and so I must,
The Ball Room.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY ANN KNIGHT.

Blest saint! how soon was ended
Thy life of trial here;
How soon thy soul ascended,
With Jesus to appear.

But Heaven bright was beaming
In thy soft, quiet eye —
As thy rapt heart was dreaming
Of angels' minstrelsy.

O, thou wast like a flower,
That perfumes all the air;
That withers in an hour
Beneath the tenderest care.

Thou thoughtest of those only
Who tireless watched thy bed;
Who would be sad and lonely
When thy pure soul had fled.

But this shall cheer us ever,
As on our friend we think —
That while with us she never
From duty chose to shrink.

Return? — we would not have thee,
To dwell again in clay;
Up to thy God we gave thee
Resignedly away.

We saw thy spirit winging
Its way to cherub's seat —
While angel bands were singing,
"Welcome," in accents sweet.

Soon, sister, friends and mother,
May in the song unite,
With no deep sigh to smother
The ocean of delight.

Rest, saint! on Jesus's bosom,
All free from care and pain;
A few more springs will blossom,
And we shall meet again.

NINTH BIRTH DAY.

Thy life, my child, is spared to see
Another natal day;
And Heaven's tender smile on thee
Still gladdens all thy way.

No sickness has disturbed thy rest,
Through all the year gone by;
No grief has pierced thy shielded breast,
Nor sorrow dimmed thine eye.

Death has not near thee come to tear
Fond trusting hearts from thine;
Parental love with watchful care
Still o'er thy path doth shine.

But ah! since God has blest thee so,
Why wilt thou disobey,
When he commands thee not to go
In paths where sinners stray?

How many, many times hast thou
Turned from the God of truth,

While he has said, "Remember now
Thy Maker in thy youth."

Perhaps the thought, "I shall not die
Till I've to manhood grown,"
Has caussd thee sin to multiply —
Thy Maker to disown.

But listen to the kind advice
Of one who loves thee well,
And early make the Lord thy choice,
Nor walk the road to hell.

Then should'st thou live till o'er thy head
The hoary hairs shall grow,
Life's setting sun around thy bed
A sacred peace shall throw.

But ah! before another year
Thy soul may take its flight;
And where, dear child, would'st thou appear,
If thou this call should'st slight?

Come then, O come, and early taste
How good the portion is,
Of those who seek the promised rest
In realms of endless bliss.

THE LOVER'S DREAM.

A BLESSED dream I had. Methought
I sat beside my love —
And I was happy as the saints
In the holy world above.

She spoke in words of tenderness,
As she was wont to do:
"As long as strength and being last,
I'll never prove untrue.

"I'll be as kind to thee as e'er
A friend was kind before;
And ere I give thee pain my heart
Shall bleed at every pore.

"Within this breast thine image lies
As my own life as dear —
And tenderly and constantly
Thou shalt be treasured here."

And then she cast as sweet a look
As e'er on mortal beamed;

And while I pressed her to my heart,
In heaven my spirit seemed.

I woke, and then my sorrow came
To think the dream was past;
When visions are so full of bliss,
Why not forever last?

Beloved Ellen, when shall I
Sit by thy blessed side,
When joy into my breast thou 'lt pour
Like to a living tide?

I pant for thee, as mariners
Becalmed upon the seas,
Long absent from their friends and home,
Pant for the favoring breeze.

I'm like a lonely wanderer
In a dreary wilderness;
None know my sorrow and my grief,
And therefore none can bless.

I walk in the pale, moonlight eve;
And on the slumbering air,
With tearful eyes, I breathe my plaint,
In agonising prayer.

O, when in thy fond company
Shall I again rejoice —
And this devoted, faithful heart,
Tell thee its griefs and joys?

FOR WHOM SHALL I WEEP?

Weep not for those who lie beneath
The valley's verdant sod;
No plaints upon the morning breathe
For souls that rest with God.

But weep for those who sorrowing
Life's heavy burdens bear;
In whose lone pathway daily spring
The shoots of dark despair.

Weep for the hoary headed man,
Bent with the weight of years;
Whose days have reach'd their lengthened span
Of sorrows, pains and tears.

Weep for that youthful band bereft
Of a kind parent's love,
Who on these tempted shores are left
In folly's maze to rove.

Weep for the toiling slave whose load
Is heavy to be borne —
Whose life is but a thorny road,
Of flowers and verdure shorn.

Weep for the soul whose only stay
In her declining years,
Death has arrested for his prey,
Despite her prayers and tears.

Weep for the convict in the cell,
Shut out from God's own light;
For the poor heathen weep, who dwell
In regions dark as night.

Weep for the tempted — they who yield
When the bland syren come;
Weep for the sick, whose hearts are filled
With lengthened days of gloom.

Weep — weep for such — but not for those
Who slumber in the vale —

Where no rude wind of sorrow blows —
Or vexing cares assail.

PRESENCE OF CHRIST.

Sweet are the moments when I feel
Thy presence near, O Lord;
When thou dost to my soul reveal
The doctrines of thy word.

'T is then the sorrows and the cares
That press my spirits down,
Seem light as summer's gentle airs,
And are as quickly flown.

O, when oppressive nature sinks,
Weary and worn and faint,
From truth's pure spring my spirit drinks,
And hushed is every plaint.

Blest with thy presence, I will be
Contented and rejoice,

Though enemies should threaten me,
And lift their angry voice.

Though dark and fearful be the doom
That overhangs my way —
Thy presence shall disperse the gloom,
And turn the night to day.

Be ever near, O glorious God,
My strength, my hope, my all;
And travelling on to thine abode,
My feet shall never fall.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. SOMERBY TO MISS PIDGIN.

In nature there are curious things, I ween,
That searching eyes do not unfrequent see;
But here 's a freak — the like hath never been,
A PIGEON turned into a SUMMER BEE.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

Should friends prove treacherous and false,
In whom thou didst confide,
There is a bosom, true and warm,
Where safely thou canst hide;
There thou wilt be secure from ill,
And every storm outride.

If slander base and calmuny
Thy character defame,
And bring reproach and infamy
Upon thy spotless name;
Remember, dearest, there is one
Whose love is still the same.

If falsehood and deceit unite
To wound thy tender heart —
Till in each fibre thou shalt feel
Excrutiating smart —
There 's one who 'll share in all thy pain,
Who knows how true thou art.

Should fell disease destroy thy health,
And lay thy spirits low —

O, where could my poor, broken heart
For peace and succor go?
Throughout the weary nights my tears
Incessantly would flow.

Thus, Henry, do I love thee now —
Thus do I cling to thee;
With thee there 's constant happiness,
Without thee, misery;
With thee my weeks but moments seem,
Away, eternity.

And I will love thee more and more,
And strive to make thee blest;
For well I know, of all thy friends,
Thou lovest me the best;
And when we die our souls shall then
In endless friendship rest.

MUSINGS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

For two and fifty years I've walked the earth
In search of happiness, but found it not.

I've tasted joy, and drank at grief's deep fount;
I've hated and I've loved mankind by turns;
I've caused the tear to flow, and I have bound
The broken, bleeding heart. I've wept whole
nights —
Whole weeks been sad to think that I was made
Inhabitant of this dark sphere, where sin
And every sorrow rends the heart of man.
I've gazed upon the countless worlds above,
And wished that I had being there, and prayed
That God would take me there to dwell. I've felt
That all mankind were enemies to me.
Their friendship still I knew not how to gain.
Oh, none can tell my bosom's depth of woe —
The anguish of my heart.

Thus have I felt,
Though few, it seems, have been my years. —
They've passed
Like dungeoned years to the despairing convict,
Who never sees a ray of light come through
The prison where he dwells, and ne'er expects
To see the sun roll up the heavens again.
I long to hail the blessed day's approach,
When I shall quit mortality, and lie
All motionless in death. With joy I'll leave
This clay so cumbersome, to dwell on high

'Mid spicy fields of amaranthine flowers,
And where decay on nought is stamped. O, there
I long to stand beside the fount of life,
With seraphim and cherubim and saints,
And ever drink from heaven's exhaustless spring.

Poor soul! How little thinks he that beyond
This vale of tears, all is not joy. Anguish
And deep damnation there await the wretch
Who slights the blessed cross — a Savior's love.
My soul, learn wisdom early, and prepare —
Prepare to meet thy God.

THE OLD MAN.

O TIME! how fast thou hasteth
From my poor grasp away;
My energies thou wasteth,
And all my powers decay.

Thou bringeth care and trouble
Into my torpid breast;

The gloomy prospects double,
And grief's a constant guest.

Once every star shone brightly
Above my youthful head;
And every thing went rightly —
But now those days are fled.

I'm growing old and weary —
My eyes are sunk and dim;
Sweet prospects now look dreary —
My days are at their brim.

Shadows begin to lengthen —
My sun is almost down;
The grasp of death doth strengthen —
The spirit's nearly flown.

Lord, have compassion on me,
As through the vale I press;
I've trusted in thee only
For strength and righteousness.

IS GOD MY FRIEND?

"MOTHER, who made the vine that creeps
Beside the mossy wall?"
"'T was God, my child, who never sleeps;
Whose watch is over all.

"He made the bright and beauteous flowers,
And every thing we see;
He blesses all thy infant hours,
And is a friend to thee."

"My friend, mamma? Is God my friend?
The God who lives above?"
"Yes — it is he who 'll condescend
To bless thee with his love.

"Then go to him, my child, to-day —
He will thy Father be;
And when he takes thy soul away,
Thou wilt his glory see."

"I will, mamma — I will resign
All earthly good for heaven;
How sweet to call the Savior mine —
To know my sins forgiven!"

BEAUTY OF THE MIND.

There 's music in the leafy bowers,
Where birds of song rejoice,
And music breathing from the flowers;
But in thy gentle voice
There 's music richer far to me —
A sweet, enrapturing melody.

There 's beauty in the blooming rose,
In opening, fragrant spring;
There 's beauty in the plumed bird
That flies on tireless wing;
But these would suffer in compare
With beauty on thy cheek so rare.

But pleasant voice and beauty's glow
Are not the things I prize;
Though these exalt the graceful form
To angels in the skies;
It is that pure and virtuous part —
The hidden feelings of the heart.

It is that glorious principle
Within thy breast enshrined;

What beauty can on earth compare
With beauty of the mind?
Thus live in virtue's steady way,
And life will prelude endless day.

MY GRAVE.

Let the winds blow lightly o'er my grave,
When I am gone to rest;
And the broad elm its branches wave
Above my peaceful breast.

Secluded from the busy hum
Of the thoughtless and the gay,
Where treacherous hearts will never come,
I would have my ashes lay:

Where the earliest flowers of spring
Bloom to the crowd unseen—
And where the birds will liveliest sing,
Amid the eternal green.

Far from meek virtue's numerous foes,
  Where slander's voice is dumb;
There let these poor remains repose,
  The wanderer's only home.

THE SINNER.

Sinner, the voice of God regard,
  That speaks to you from heaven,
And turn from your unrighteousness,
  And pray to be forgiven;
No longer dare in sin to roam,
An alien from your Father's home.

What if your follies and your crimes
  Outnumber all the sands,
That countless swell this mighty globe?
  The blessed Savior stands
With open arms; list, hear him say,
Come, and I'll wash your sins away.

Sinner, perhaps another day
  Your Maker will refuse

The offers of his grace — and leave
You in the maze you choose;
Then grieved, the Spirit will depart,
No more to melt your frozen heart.

Turn then, this moment turn to God,
And seek his pardoning love;
And the glad news, a Christian born,
Through all the courts above,
Amid the burst of grateful songs,
Will echo from a thousand tongues.

THE DAUGHTER'S ADDRESS TO AN INTEMPERATE FATHER.

Father, dear father, do not touch
The wine cup more, I pray;
Dash from your lips the fatal thing,
And turn with scorn away.

My mother weeps; she knows how hard
Temptation is to quell;

The grief and anguish of her soul
Tears eloquently tell.

Once we were happy; none could boast
Of brighter days than we;
But where has fled our sunny bliss?
Whence comes this misery?

My father, well you know what tide
Has o'er our prospects rolled;
For which was bartered all our peace,
For which our joys were sold.

Then, father, do this once resist,
Though 't is your daughter's voice;
And happiness will smile again,
And we shall all rejoice.

These garments torn will be exchanged,
And new ones take their place;
Then cheerfulness and joy will clothe
My mother's care-worn face.

Then I shall have the privilege
With other girls to learn;
For it will well supply our wants
What daily you can earn.

Now, father, stay thy hand, I beg,
And do not touch the cup;
For if you do the grave will soon
Cover my mother up.

Your daughter too, will mourning sink
Beneath the weight of grief;
And then whose hearts will feel like ours?
Whose hands afford relief?

THE VICTIM OF SLANDER.

I KNEW her when the tide of life
Was bounding brisk and high;
No cankering care or harrowing strife
To dash her joys came nigh.

Life was all sunshine — and delight
Marked every step she took;
But ah! there came a sorrowing blight
Not even she could brook.

Scandal was poured upon her name,
By Envy's hateful tongue;

And every story she could frame
Was loud proclaimed and long.

The "pure in heart" cannot endure
The slight of chosen friends;
Deep in the heart this arrow sure
Eventually descends.

Thus Ellen grieved when first she heard
That Slander's tongue was loose,
To misinterpret every word
For her own wily use.

The summer passed; and like the flower
Nipped by untimely frost,
She faded in life's beauteous hour,
When joys are prized the most.

I visit oft the spot where lies
The lovely and the fair;
For much I honor her who pays
To death a gift so rare.

Hold, slanderer, hold — the atmosphere
Is tainted where you dwell;
Turn from your purpose insincere,
Or sink to endless hell!

CHILDHOOD.

O, THAT I could once more behold
My infancy and youth!
When every thing that shone was gold,
And every story, truth.

I loved the fields — I loved the grove —
I loved the azure sky —
And all the shining orbs above —
And all the clouds on high.

I loved to see the mountain wave
As it rolled o'er and o'er;
I loved to view the seal fowl lave,
And hear the ocean's roar.

I loved the bee that every hour
Would buzz along the air,
As he came laden from the flower
That bloomed so gay and fair.

I loved the birds that glided o'er
The woodland and the plain,

And tuned their plaintive notes before
The cottage of the swain.

I loved the cattle on the hill —
In pastures green and fair ;
I loved the clear and purling rill,
And motled fishes there.

I loved mankind, and ever strove
With all my heart to please ;
For childhood's soul is full of love,
Till age the affections freeze.

In all I loved I learned to trace
My Father's image there,
Who guarded all my helpless days,
And formed my thoughts in prayer.

O, to be young again, and feel
As I in childhood felt!
And, free from sin, in prayer to kneel
As I in childhood knelt!

THE DYING BOY.

His little meek blue eye
  Is sunk and dim;
His lip is parched and dry,
  And the low hymn
    Falls listless on his ear:
His mother's fond caress,
  And tender care,
And all attempts to bless
  With fervent prayer,
    Cannot his spirits cheer.

His father's anxious eye
  Looks wildly on;
He hears the feeble sigh
  And stifled groan,
    But cannot give relief.
Thus, like the fragrant rose,
  He sinks away,
And in the cold repose
  Will early lie,
    Sere as the autumn leaf.

WHO WILL WEEP FOR ME?

Who 'll weep to see me struggling with
The powerful king of terrors — who? —
Who will beside my pillow watch —
Wipe from my cheek the cold, cold dew?

Who 'll follow to the dark, lone grave,
All that remains of me below?
And when I 'm crumbling back to dust,
Whose tears of real grief will flow?

When spring returns with bud and bloom,
Who 'll seek the place where I shall lie —
And on the fragrant, vernal airs,
Recall my fading memory?

When years have flown, and I have lain
Long silent in the dreary tomb —
O, who will pass my slumbering dust,
And think upon my early doom?

Who 'll think upon the tenderness
That daily flows within my breast?

Of my solicitude and care
For the poor, sorrowing and opprest?

Who 'll think of kindnesses bestowed
On those I loved as life alone?
Whose griefs, and pains, and sicknesses —
Whose enemies I made my own?

There's one who 'll visit the lone mound,
That marks the place of my repose;
And her own hands will tastefully
With blooming flowers the grave enclose.

Her love will never sleep. Long years
May pass and I forgotten lie
By those who crowd the peaceful vale,
Unconscious that themselves must die:

But she will not forget. In vain
Will music pour upon her ear,
And pleasure's votaries gather round:
These cannot check the grateful tear.

And when her sorrows all are o'er,
And earth, long faded to her view,
Recedes as dull and valueless —
Her heart will be as pure and true.

In her last moments she 'll retrace
The long and weary path of life —
When in her young and happy years,
She pledged to be my faithful wife:

When I was full of hope and joy,
Her only comfort and delight;
And when before us sweetly shone
A cloudless day without a night.

The blessed thought that she will meet
Her only friend beyond the sky,
Will light with peace life's closing scene,
And make her heart rejoice to die.

SYMPATHY.

Man for his neighbor doth not show
The sympathy he should;
And when his lot in life is low,
Strive for his brother's good.

Self reigns, and thus betrays the mind
From mercy's melting call;
Till deaf to cries — to misery blind —
Dear self is all in all.

The poor may meet him on his way
With an imploring look;
But ah! he turns his head away,
Giving a harsh rebuke.

The widow with a tender throng
A scanty pittance craves;
But as he passes them along
He in his anger raves.

No generous pity can he know,
For others cannot feel;
The tears from wounded hearts that flow
In vain to him appeal.

The pleasant fields — the sunny skies —
To him are dressed in gloom;
And every moment as it flies
Reminds him of the tomb.

But he who to his neighbor gives,
Feels for his brother's woe,

Favors from bounteous Heaven receives,
And want shall never know.

O, be it mine to share a part
In others' pains and cares; —
This will enlarge my grateful heart,
As well as gladden theirs.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONCERT.

Heavenly Father, while we 're bending
Low before thy mercy seat,
May thy matchless love descending,
Make this little season sweet.

For we 've come to ask thy blessing
On a young and tender race,
Who with vigor now are pressing
On to life untaught by grace.

Father, hear us, O we pray thee,
Let us not entreat in vain;

Cheer our hearts, and gladly may we
See them early born again.

Then thy garden here will flourish,
And be always green and fair;
For thy children's prayers shall nourish
The young scions planted there.

TO A YOUTH.

Swift pass our years. But yesterday it seems
Thou wast a lisping infant, and thy joy
Was found in the shrill whistle, or the top
Spun round to attract thy gaze. This world to thee
Was then all sunshine; not a cloud passed o'er
The pure, bright sky. And every face thou saw'st
Wore smiles, as if man's heart was never sad.
The warm caress, the kind embrace was thine.
So thou wast happy, and thy infant days
Passed on so pleasantly, it seemed to thee
That life was full, brim full of happiness.

A few more flowery summers fled, and thou,
With merry children, sported o'er the field,
To catch and rob the little honey bee.
And up and down the noisy street was beat
The rolling hoop — or with a noble breeze
The steady kite was flown. When school was out
The noisy laugh resounded through the streets,
As each threw jokes behind the master's back,
And told "how slick" he had escaped his eye,
When Ben and he were telling stories loud.

Those days are past. Thou crowdest on to life,
And every day brings trials new and thick.
Friends do not wear as wont that pleasant smile,
And treachery is bound up in the heart
Of those whose company was thy delight.
E'en in the breast of those whose love seem'd deep
And lasting as their life, there sits deceit.
Thus as thy years depart, less cause thou 'lt find
To put thy trust in man. Corrupting thoughts
Will eat into thy soul, and deeds most foul
Thou wilt be tempted to commit. The path
That leads to infamy and death, with flowers
Of sweet perfume will oft be strowed, to draw
Thy purity away. The syren voice
Of soft, bewitching melody, will swell
Upon the evening air — and gracefulness

Will mark the step of those who plot thy fall.
Thou must not go. That principle within
Will keep thee in the right, if thou wilt ask
Guidance continually of heaven. Live near
To God. The daily prayer from broken heart
Must penetrate the skies.

I see the day
When thou wilt stand a pillar in the church —
When thou wilt point the contrite heart to Him,
Who died for man; of death and judgment warn
The thoughtless soul. The needy poor thou'lt help,
Visit the sick, the broken soul to bind.
For the oppressed thou'lt feel, and raise thy voice
To guilty man, that he no longer tread
God's image in the dust. Thou 'lt strike a blow
At prejudice, and plead the black man's rights.

When death arrives, 't will bring to view the joys
Of paradise, and fully ripe for bliss,
Thou 'lt enter into rest with all the saints
And spirits glorified.

HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS.

A voice from heaven; it speaks to you;
Sinners, be wise to-day,
Nor that destructive path pursue,
Which leads the soul astray.

Be wise, and treasure in your heart
The words of sovereign love;
From every evil course depart —
And raise your thoughts above.

To-day if ye will hear his voice,
The blessing shall be yours,
Of those who in his love rejoice,
As long as heaven endures.

But if ye now persist in sin,
And choose the path to death —
Regardless of the call divine —
Till God shall stop your breath —

With hot displeasure he'll declare
You shall not see his rest —

But have your endless portion where
You never can be blest.

Return, then, sinners, to his love,
And you shall be forgiven —
And when you die, you shall above
Enjoy the bliss of heaven.

DEATH OF A PLAYMATE.

Where is the little friend who late
Joined in our healthful play?
But yesterday she smiled on us,
But she is gone to-day.

We look around — we see her not —
We cannot hear her voice;
She does not share as once she did
In all our pleasant joys.

In God's own house, though constant once,
Her seat is vacant there;

She ne'er will join in songs of praise,
Or bow in solemn prayer.

Death from our bleeding bosoms tore
The sun of our delight —
To bloom in paradise, and wear
A crown of glory bright.

Then let us lay our pleasures by,
And in our youth prepare
To meet our friend beyond the sky:
Death cannot part us there.

THE COQUETTE.

Whose head is decked with diamonds rare,
That intersect her braids of hair,
Which hours she spent in placing there?
The Coquette's.

And who is she with wanton eye,
That passes thus so haughty by,
With swelling heart of vanity?
The Coquette.

The glorious form that God has made,
Who dares compress, despoil, degrade,
And ere it blooms, to mar and fade?
The Coquette.

Whose mincing step and lofty mien,
May in the crowded mart be seen,
Where virtue's track has never been?
The Coquette's.

Whose heaven is in the gay ball room,
Where deathless minds the night consume,
In dancing for an early tomb?
The Coquette's.

Whose neck and hands are lined with gold,
For which her parents' peace was sold,
Whose folly weaved the sable fold?
The Coquette's.

Whose house is thronged with visitors,
From evening till the morning stirs,
Pretending that she each prefers?
The Coquette's.

Whose heart no melting pity shows,
From which no tide of mercy flows,
And true affection never knows?
The Coquette's.

Who ere her days are measured half,
Dies in a wild, unconscious laugh,
And Folly is her epitaph?

The Coquette.

SONG OF PRAISE.

We bless thee, O Lord, for thy provident care,
For favors and blessings that daily we share;
Thy bountiful hand all our wants doth supply,
That spring from the earth or that fall from the sky.

No land under heaven is so blest as our own —
Our husbandmen prosper and plenty is known;
And the smile of pure joy is seen on each brow,
As we gather around thine altar to bow.

We bless thee, O Lord, and we gratefully raise
Our voice in thanksgiving, adore thee and praise;
For goodness like thine demands from each tongue
Those praises as pure as in heaven are sung.

We bless thee for health which we daily enjoy,
That no pestilence cometh in might to destroy;
Our hearths are unbroken, where grief cometh never —
We'll bless and we'll praise thee forever and ever.

WANDERING FROM GOD.

O, HOLY, great and glorious God!
I bow before thy mighty throne,
My pride and folly to confess,
And all my wanderings to own.

Since first my heedless feet forsook
The path where crowd the impious throng,
I've lived but half for thee — while sin
Hath bound me with its fetters strong.

The whirl of folly, and the maze
Of passion's blinded votaries,
Have drawn my heart from thee away,
Till groveling in the dust it lies.

I am abased — confusion fills,
With fear and dread, my laboring breast;
I find no joy — no peace I find —
Till thou descend and be my guest.

Renew my heart and make me thine —
Bid evil thoughts and passions fly —
And never let me rove again,
Till grace perfects me in the sky.

Speak but the word — thy servant then
Will rise, rejoicing in thy grace;
And clouds and doubts will disappear,
As mists before the morning rays.

I see thy smile — I hear thee speak
Pardon to my repentant soul;
How deep the waves of joy that rise,
And o'er my heart enraptured roll!

How full and sweet the inward peace
Of hearts that feel thy love again,
And from their wanderings turn to thee,
To lead no more in folly's train.

Such peace — such love — long may I know,
Till death the cord of life shall sever;

Then in a purer, better world,
I'll praise thy glorious name forever.

TENTH BIRTH DAY.

A happy Christmas day to thee,
Since health and joy are thine —
And friendship's cord so tenderly
Unites thy heart to mine.

But little dost thou think, my friend,
Upon this natal day,
How soon those sunny hours will end,
That make thee bright and gay.

Thou canst not know the future pain
That in thy breast will sink,
As friendship's tender, golden chain
Will sever link by link.

Those eyes of love and tenderness,
That watch thee hour by hour;
Those arms extended wide to bless,
Will watch and bless no more.

Those lips that move to counsel thee,
With all a mother's love —
With feelings none can know but she —
In death will cease to move.

And every friend may one by one,
Drop from thy side away;
Then who will teach thy heart to shun
The path that leads astray?

Then come, while those who love invite,
And choose the better part —
And live well pleasing in His sight
Who claims thy youthful heart.

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

'T is sweet to die in guileless infancy,
When heart has felt the power of grace divine.
Heaven is the home of such a soul redeemed.
It longs to breathe its limpid atmosphere,
And bathe in floods of living joy, and walk
Through fields of green, beneath a golden sky.
Thrice happy they, whose infant souls ascend
To the pure realms of paradise!

MY BIRTH DAY.

Like clouds beneath an angry sky,
Or fragments on the breeze —
My years are hasting rapidly
'Mid danger and disease.

Each breath I draw a warning gives
That time is on the wing;
And every passing moment leaves
My best hopes withering.

The early friends that greeted me,
In field and green wood shade,
Are sleeping 'neath the willow tree,
Where I shall soon be laid.

Regardless still I wander on
Amid the wasting tombs;
Nor dream that life will soon be gone —
That the destroyer comes.

My Father — oh, my Father, teach
Thy servant how to live —

That wisdom's voice his heart may reach,
And her instructions give.

May pride and folly — every sin —
Be banished from my breast;
That purged from every stain within,
Thy Spirit be my guest.

Then though this year should be my last,
Death would no terrors bring;
Nor a remembrance of the past
Plant on my couch a sting.

THOU ART DEAR TO ME.

Still thou art dear to me,
Friend of my sunny days;
I love thee now,
As when thy voice of melody
Spoke freely to my praise.
Thy broken vow
Is registered in heaven;
And though I love thee now,
Hope not to be forgiven.

My heart was bound to thine
By sweet and tender ties;
And day by day
They strengthened like to those divine,
Which bind souls in the skies.
When far away
From thee, my heart was sad;
I mourned thy long delay
To come and make me glad.

When thou did'st come, I saw
Thy heart had been estranged;
The love was gone
Which reigned so fervently before;
And thou wert sadly changed.
I looked upon
Thy once familiar cheek,
I thought, but could not speak,
Is this the plighted one?

Oh, think not fervent love
Can wither thus and die:
It cannot be.
Tho' we throughout the world should rove,
Our thoughts would backward fly,
When tenderly
We met in fond embrace—

And long those hours to see,
When joy beamed in each face.

Dear as thou art to me,
I bid thee now farewell,
With tears and sighs.
To know that I am true to thee,
While thou art false as hell,
Must agonize
Thy rank, perfidious breast.
I would, but can't despise
One whom I loved and blest.

Farewell — again farewell —
Unfaithful — unforgiven;
Could I reveal
The thoughts that in my bosom swell,
At morning and at even —
Prayers for thy weal,
Wherever thou should'st go —
'T would melt thy heart of steel,
Tears of repentance flow.

Farewell. In after years,
When other friends prove false,
Who now caress —
And life is full of pains and tears,

Where sunlight never falls,
To cheer and bless,
Come then to me — I 'll prove
That want nor wretchedness
Will shut thee from my love.

Farewell. But ere the spring
Shall clothe the earth in bloom,
This form may rest
In death. O, seek my grave and bring
The flowers of rare perfume
Near to my breast.
'T is all I ask of thee —
My dying — last request —
Of one so false to me.

ABSENCE OF HOPE.

I 'm weary of the world. I feel
No joy within my torpid breast;
And down my cheeks the tear will steal
Unbidden, though a welcome guest.

In vain I strive to cheer me up,
And force a smile upon my face;
Alas! I drink a sorrowing cup;
O, when will dawn more cheering days?

Dismay sits brooding o'er my head,
And discontent lurks every where;
My former pleasures all are fled,
And I am left to fell despair.

What shall my drooping heart revive?
What ease my bosom of its pain?
In vain, alas! for peace I strive,
Till smiling Hope revives again.

Till Hope has dawned, my soul can find
Delight in nought beneath the skies;
Sorrows will press upon my mind,
Till like a withered thing it dies.

DEVOTION.

How sweet to bow before the Lord,
And there unbosom all our grief—

For he, with one kind, soothing word,
Can give our sorrows quick relief.

A gracious look can chase away
The anguish of a troubled breast,
And turn the darkness into day —
Make smiling peace our only guest.

If cares distract, and anguish brood
In awful terror o'er my soul —
'T is Heaven alone can do me good,
And all the waves of wrath control.

Then I will love to bend in prayer,
And humbly every sin confess;
I know that God will meet me there,
And my devotions own and bless.

THE SAILOR'S APPEAL.

Shipmates, ahoy! unite with us,
And join the temperance roll;
For spirit is your greatest curse —
It kills the bravest soul.

Ahoy! and dash the fatal cup,
And strew its contents round;
'T will eat your liveliest feelings up,
And fell you to the ground.

Ahoy! nor touch the pleasant wine,
Though sparkling bright and clear;
Thousands have bowed to Bacchus's shrine
Who first were maddened here.

The pastor once and deacon drank —
The lawyer at the bar;
And men of honor — high in rank —
And so the hardy tar.

But, shipmates, hark ye! — turn away
From this delusive thing;
It is the step that leads the way
To endless sorrowing.

Ahoy! nor shade the tempter's door,
Where drunken idlers throng;
Millions have entered there before —
Hale, hearty, brave and strong —

Who found, but not until too late,
That they were ruined there:

To wretchedness it is the gate —
To sorrow and despair.

And each inebriate at length
Will to destruction rush:
Ahoy! and Heaven will give you strength
This master vice to crush.

Come, bow to virtue's shrine to-day,
Ye noble hearts and free;
Pure water, then, you each will say,
Is the best drink for me.

SLAVERY.

See that mother — see her kneeling,
Pleading for her only child;
It is love and speechless feeling,
Make her looks and actions wild.

See her beg with arms extended,
In her silent eloquence;
But she will not be befriended —
Scornfully they drive her hence.

Men are monsters who will sever
All the sweetest ties of life;
Who will separate forever,
Tender children, husband, wife.

Oh, if e'er the God of heaven
Frowns upon his creatures here,
'T is to see his image driven,
'Neath the biting lash of fear.

'T is a source to me of wonder,
That His judgments long delay,
When his word is rent asunder,
And its truths are cast away.

"All are free," our sacred charter
Loudly speaks to every clime;
Yet we trade in flesh and barter
Souls of men. O, horrid crime!

THE HARLOT.

Thou hast a soul to save! Beware!
Nor heed her syren song,

Whose gaudy dress would lure thee where
In fetters doubly strong
The simple ones are bound. Her eye
Is full of all deceit;
Her brow is stamped with treachery;
And venom of the pit
Is laid up in her heart. At night
She goeth forth for prey,
And in the summer's grey twilight
Bending her devious way
Among the youthful throng she's seen.
The unguarded and the wise,
The scholar and the fool, have been
Caught by her lustful eyes.
They dream not that diseases grow
Beneath the fair outside;
That all her tinsel, glare and show,
Lure to deceive and hide
The rottenness that preys within
Her hell polluted heart;
And so by smiles she's wont to win,
And strike, as with a dart,
Those whom she meets: and like the brute
They follow in her train,
And grovel in her low pursuit
Till fever racks their brain.

Thou hast a soul to save! Beware!
Nor look but with disgust
On her, who decks in jewels rare,
To excite thy youthful lust,
And draw thee from the pleasant way
Of virtue and of peace.
Remember, if but once thou stray,
Anguish will never cease
To feast upon thy heart. Disease
Like fire through all thy veins
Will run — and horror deep will seize
Thy heart. Unceasing pains
Will wreck thy frame, while gloomy fears
Over thy mind will brood —
And fearful thoughts which frenzy rears
Will constantly intrude.
The grave thou 'lt covet. Oh, beyond
How dark it looks to thee!
Where years in an eternal round
Bring keener misery.

Thou hast a soul to save! Beware!
It is a priceless spark;
Nor to the harlot's house repair,
When all around is dark:
For God can see — and he will bring
Thy infamy to light;

Where every crime will be a sting
To pierce through endless night.
Beware! and choose fair virtue's way —
It is a glorious road —
Where cherubs dressed in bright array,
Urge on to truth and God.
There all the pure in heart are found —
They seek the heavenly prize;
God's angels keep their watch around,
And guide them to the skies.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

Darling, for anxious hours I've watched thy sleep
While dreams of bliss stole thro' thy happy heart,
And now thou wakest but to smile on me,
Then close thy eyes again. Ah! didst thou know
Sweet one, the ills of life, which sink her down,
Who weeps o'er thee, thy little heart e'en now
Would throb with grief. 'T is well thou canst not feel

The cold neglect of one who vowed to love,
Till death should disunite. But I 'm alone,
Without a friend to succor or sustain
My sinking hopes, save He, the Friend above.
To him, my darling, I commit my all.
E'en thee he will receive and bless so young,
And from his paradise look down and smile,
And say, "Of such, is this my kingdom made!"

Another day — another day — and still
He comes not, once to look upon his child.
O, could he see thy playful smile, methinks
His heart, not to be moved, were adamant.
But no — he will not come; and on the world's
Cold charity we must be cast.

'T was sad
To see the beautiful thus early doomed
To poverty and want. If Heaven frowns
On erring man, that wretch cannot escape
His eye, who wins a woman's heart to slight.

RESIGNATION IN SICKNESS.

When to a lingering bed confined,
How hard it is to feel
To the Almighty's will resigned,
As leaden moments steal.

Forgetful of the favors past,
Unmerited and free,
We murmur that they do not last,
Bright as they used to be.

Through tedious nights and weary days,
We sorrow and repine;
Nor think 't is thus that God displays
His goodness all divine.

'T is He afflicts to make us know
What feeble things we are;
That but a single breath may blow
And sink us in despair.

When health is blooming on our cheek,
And all is bright around,

We cannot dream our strength is weak,
As it too oft is found.

But when the hand of sickness falls
Upon our wasting frame,
To him our guilty conscience calls,
Whence former blessings came.

'T is then we feel that God alone
To health and strength can raise —
The God we have so little known,
And never thought to praise.

These are the means that He employs,
To weary pilgrims given —
Who starve their souls on sensual joys —
To draw them back to heaven.

PASSING AWAY.

The smiles that clothe thy happy brow,
The joy that sparkles in thine eye,
The tender friends who love thee now,
Will very soon have passed away:

The pleasant fields — the sunny skies —
The birds that carol in the spring —
The friend who all thy want supplies,
And all thy little comforts bring :

The sun, the moon, the stars on high,
The clouds that sleep in beds of gold,
Must pass away — and thou must die :
Thy days, frail one, will soon be told.

Then make, oh, make thy calling sure,
Before thy span of life is past —
Lest thou the frowns of God endure,
Where all his enemies are cast.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

When first we spread our tiny sails
On life's eventful sea —
And gently wafted by the gales,
How full of hope we be !

Fierce, angry billows never rise,
And all is smooth before,
And bright above, as if the skies
Ne'er threatening aspect wore.

Calm and serene, we banish fear,
Nor dream of future ill;
No voice of danger cometh near,
And all is joyful still.

Thus onward by the gentle breeze,
Our fragile bark is driven —
Till in the wild and boisterous seas,
We 're tempest tost and riven.

When all is lost we look behind,
For help we loudly cry;
We 're answered only by the wind,
As it comes sweeping by.

How blest is he in early youth,
Who taketh for his chart,
That word which is eternal truth,
And seals it in his heart.

Though tempests beat upon his bark,
And angry billows frown —

And all around is drear and dark,
Success his efforts crown.

Beyond the storm a light appears,
The beacon light of faith;
It cheers his heart, and calms his fears,
And takes the sting from death.

Thus through his voyage propitious gales,
With gentle seas are given —
Until at last he bends his sails
Safe in the port of heaven.

THE SLAVE'S PRAYER.

Why is it, Lord, that I am doomed
To life of slavery?
Why are my earnings all consumed
By men of cruelty?

Why are my wife and children torn
From my embrace away —
And doomed through all their life's sojourn
To avarice a prey?

O, tell me, Lord, why is it thus?
What crimes of deepest dye,
Like leprosy have covered us,
That few will hear our cry?

To thee, almighty God, to thee
I can make known my case;
In mercy thou wilt pity me,
And all my suffering race.

Soon may the oppressor cease to oppress
The people thou hast made;
O, rather let them kindly bless—
Exert themselves to aid.

Then Afric's children shall rejoice
To learn thy will divine—
And bless, with their united voice,
The love which made them thine.

THE DEBAUCHEE.

Who makes the widowed mother's pride
Forsake her best and only guide,
And desolates the fireside?
The Debauchee.

Who talks of conquests he has made,
Of virtuous females he's betrayed,
And in the grave untimely laid?
The Debauchee.

Whose mischievous and wanton eye,
Surveys each form that passes by,
In hope to glut his infamy?
The Debauchee.

Who walks the street at night to bring
Disgrace on some domestic ring,
Where peace and joy are wont to spring?
The Debauchee.

Who daily watches for his prey,
In hope to lead the young astray
From virtue's lovely, pleasant way?
The Debauchee.

Whose soul is deeply stained in blood
Of those he's ruined in the bud,
And prayers and tears have all withstood?
The Debauchee.

Who 's lost to feeling and to shame,
And rather than his life reclaim,
Will sink to everlasting flame?
The Debauchee.

Then I 'll expose whene'er I can,
This demon in the shape of man —
For none I deem more guilty than
The Debauchee.

THE MOTHERLESS.

I saw my mother breathe her last, and they
Who watched beside her, told me she was dead;
And I was in my seventh year. My heart
Did almost bleed, as on that once loved form
I looked, and saw it pale and motionless.
I put my lips to hers, and they were cold.
I kissed her oft, but no kind kiss received.
And then I turned away and wept.

The grass
Luxuriantly springs above her grave,
And the soft breeze plays mournfully around.
I visit oft the spot, and bathe the sod
With bitter tears. I think how oft I vexed
And illy treated her, now gone to rest;
How kindly she forgave and prayed for me.

This makes me feel as ne'er I 've felt before,
And wish I could again behold her face,
And pardon ask upon my bended knees.
This cannot be — 't is this that makes me sad,
And sprinkles through my years unhappy hours.

EARTHLY PLEASURES.

Be gone from my soul, ye pleasures of earth,
For ye have held my affections too long;
I seek for those joys that in heaven have birth,
And willingly yield the dance and the song.

I 've wandered away from the fountain of life,
To drink of the waters of sorrow and death;
Where anguish and pain, and sickness and strife,
Infected my soul with their poisonous breath.

But never again shall this penitent heart,
Look for happiness save in the worship of God;
With earthly delights 't will willingly part,
To soar to a higher and holier abode.

THE JUDGMENT.

When God shall summon to the skies,
The dead from earth and sea,
Who will to bliss and glory rise —
Who sink to misery?

They who have borne the Savior's name,
His image in their heart,
'Mid persecution's fiercest flame,
In heaven shall have their part.

But they who spurned his matchless grace,
Him crucified again,
The hottest hell shall be their place,
And everlasting pain.

God, where shall I, thy servant be,
In this dread, awful day?
Shall I awake to misery —
A wretched cast-away?

Or shall I with the blessed throng,
Ascend to thine abode —

With songs of joy upon my tongue —
Lost in the love of God?

If I am saved, 't will be thy love
That rescued me from death,
And taught my stammering tongue to move,
And praise thee with my breath.

But if I sink to woe and shame,
The guilt will all be mine,
As I shall read in words of flame,
Writ by a pen divine.

Lord God of mercy, may I seek
Forgiveness from the skies —
That when the last, loud trump shall speak,
I may to glory rise.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

THERE 's not an hour when from my eyes
The tear drops do not fall;
I think of happy seasons past,
When, Charles, thou wert my all:

O, that I could once more those blest
And joyous days recall!

Sometimes I crave an eagle's wing,
That I might swiftly fly,
Where thy lone, tedious hours are past,
And on thy bosom lie;
And if thou would'st not bless me then,
To lay me down and die.

To see my wan and weary looks,
And mark my tenderness,
Would turn thee, if thou art estranged,
To love me and to bless —
And fervently as aye thou would'st
Me to thy bosom press.

Thy former love would be renewed,
And be as strong as ever;
And nought our hearts could separate,
Our true affections sever;
And we would fondly cling to each
Forever and forever.

Thou must be mine. God speed the hour
When we again shall meet —
When our warm tenderness for each
We 'll joyfully repeat;

And sweetly pressed in love's embrace,
'T will happiness complete.

God speed the hour. It hastens near —
My idol 's on his way;
To see him once again, will fill
My heart with ecstacy:
How joyful would that meeting be,
To part no more for aye!

SABBATH WORSHIP.

How glorious is the sacred day,
Which God has kindly given,
That in his earthly courts we may
Renew our vows to Heaven.

Here, with his people, we can raise
To ears that never close,
Our voice of gratitude and praise,
Forgetful of our woes.

Shut from our minds each worldly thought,
Each idle wish and vain,

We'll profit by the doctrines taught,
And rich instruction gain.

Let no unhallowed smile appear
Upon a careless brow;
For we have come to worship here,
And pay to God our vow.

If sinful folly's curious eye
Wanders in idle gaze,
God will not bring a blessing nigh,
For our unmeaning praise.

O, may we each true faith and love,
And holy zeal possess;
Thus antepast the rest above
Of perfect blessedness.

YE WERE MY FRIENDS.

When foes inveterate and severe,
Determined I should fall;
And brought their venomed malice near,
Bitter as poisoned gall —
Ye were my friends.

When with their slanderous, lying tongue,
They sought my name to blight;
Interpreted each motive wrong —
Dead foibles brought to light —
Ye were my friends.

When on the pinions of the breeze
They spread malignant things,
And gladly did each folly seize,
To give it shape and wings —
Ye were my friends.

My heart, till it shall cease to beat,
With gratitude shall swell;
And to my soul it will be sweet
Of your kind deeds to tell,
True, faithful friends.

I LOVE THEE.

I LOVE thee, Henry — can I more?
This heart is wholly thine;
Its thoughts and feelings — all have been
Devoted to thy shrine;

O, yes — I love thee with a love
That seems almost divine.

There 's not a breeze that whispers through
The leaves of blushing flowers,
That bears such sweetness on its wings,
As filled the joyous hours,
When in the hush of evening, we
Met in the queenly bowers.

Dear Henry, when will gladness wing
Those happy hours again?
And pleasure fill our trusting hearts
Unfraught with care and pain?
When no rude hand can part us e'er,
Linked firm by friendship's chain?

Then I will be thy only friend —
And all my thought shall be,
How I can best promote thy weal,
And make this life to thee,
A scene of sunshine and of joy —
From care and sorrow free.

I love thee, Henry — treasured deep
In this fond, faithful breast,
Is every sweet memorial,
That owning, thou hast blest;

And e'en thy favorite walking paths
Have a peculiar zest.

I love thee, Henry — and Heaven knows
My love is deep and strong;
'T is like that tender sympathy
Which to the saints belong;
That thrills through all their holy hearts
When heaven is tuned in song:

So deep — that death so feared by all,
Would with rejoicing come,
If fell disease should touch thy form,
And God should call thee home;
Then I would grasp his icy hand,
And smiling seek the tomb.

I could not live if thou wert dead —
As well might trees uptorn
By a nocturnal blast survive,
Of all their verdure shorn:
No, the same clods shall cover me,
Where'er my friend is borne.

But what if thou — the true — the tried;
By treacherous hearts misled —
Should all thy solemn vows forget,
And all the tears we shed?

Oh! it would wither up my soul,
Till reason's self had fled.

Thou lovest me — and never wilt
Thou love thy friend the less;
Thy heart, and hand, and soul, and strength,
Will all conspire to bless —
Till like two perfect drops exhaled,
We wake to righteousness.

COMMUNION HYMN.

When round the sacramental board,
I meet with thy disciples, Lord —
The sufferings thou hast borne for me,
Shall make me there remember thee.

The crown of thorns — the cruel mocks —
Might move the hearts of flinty rocks —
When to the mount the rabble led,
Still heaping curses on thy head.

And then the spear which pierced thy side,
When thou, my Lord, wast crucified;

How can I think thy sufferings o'er,
And go away and sin the more?

O, meet me, Lord, while waiting here,
With holy love, my heart to cheer —
That with thy followers I may be
Blest sweetly in remembering thee.

And as these seasons I enjoy,
May sacred thoughts my mind employ;
A dread of sin — a holy fear —
Prove my attachment, Lord, sincere.

And when these seasons shall be past,
Dear Savior, take me home at last;
When on thy love my soul shall feast,
Enjoying pure and perfect rest.

A MOTHER'S ANGUISH.

Loud prayed the Afric. In her heart
Was grief that woman only feels,
When from her babes she 's torn apart,
By those whose bosoms avarice steels.

"My God," she cried, "why was I born,
This anguish more than death to see?
From me my helpless children torn,
Forced from their mother's arms to flee?"

The white man's heart is like the rock —
It will not move by pity's tear;
The mother's fervent prayer they mock —
Add to her tortures yet severe.

The imploring look — the streaming eyes —
The feelings she cannot contain —
Will not awake their sympathies;
But stronger still they forge the chain.

They bear them hence — her offspring dear;
More valuable than gems to her:
"Oh, God," she cries, "wilt thou appear?
Than part I would my grave prefer."

In vain she begs. Now ruffian hands
Apply the whip, nor heed her cries;
With eyes transfixed, unmoved she stands;
A shriek — she falls — she struggles — dies.

TO A CHILD.

Thy bright hair trembles in the stirring breeze,
While bounding o'er the dew gemm'd grass in play.
Fair boy, I love thee well: thy simple look
Betrays a heart as buoyant as the air.
The lustre of thine eye, so meek, and full
Of untold love, is radiant with joy.
Thy cheek might shame the petal of the rose,
So fresh, and fair, and bright, and beautiful.
But though so young and gay, and well beloved,
To conquering death thy spirit soon must bow,
And the cold tomb will be thy dwelling place.

But thou art in the dark and thorny road,
With thoughtless millions crowding to the grave.
O, let me warn thee — urge thee now to flee
From righteous wrath, and give thy heart to God.
He 'll pardon and receive thee — crown thy days
With blessedness and joy — delight to shew
His wondrous love to thy enraptured soul.
Come then, ere youth and hope be fled, and own
Jehovah thine. Come — at his feet bow down,
And there resolve that thou wilt be the Lord's:
'T will cause my breast to overflow with joy,
And praise from my full heart shall soar to heav'n.

TAKE UP THY CROSS.

What though before a sinful world,
Where idle dreams the mind engross —
'T is hard to speak of Jesus's name,
And faithfully take up the cross.

What though 't is hard to still the voice,
Profanely lifted to the skies —
And disapprove of sensual joys,
When multitudes against me rise?

What though to check the men who dare
On Sabbath moments to intrude —
Their hatred and contempt I share —
Must I desist from doing good?

Shall angry threats, or bitter words
From duty turn my heart aside?
If I had zeal like to my Lord's,
I 'd persevere — the event abide.

I would not cower before the face
Of mortal man — nor trembling yield

To other hands my dangerous place —
And like a coward quit the field.

God of my life, O grant to me
Zeal tempered by thy holy love —
That I may daily plead for thee,
And like a valiant soldier prove.

I 'll take the cross — thy armor on —
And urge with sin a constant war;
Nor faint until the victory 's won,
Which I have prayed and labored for.

WHY ART THOU SAD?

And wherefore art thou sad, my love?
What on thy spirit preys,
That doth like poisonous gangrene prove,
To mar thy happy days?

Has bosom friend, with trusting heart,
Forgot his vows to thee —
And spurned thee, faithful as thou art,
With fiendish perfidy?

Why art thou sad? There yet remains
One friend forever true —
Who feels thy grief, and shares thy pains,
And doth thy weal pursue.

In seasons past, I was not kind
To bless myself alone;
I had thy interest on my mind —
Thy sorrows were my own.

I am the same; — this faithful heart
Still lives for Ellen's good;
O, should it act a treacherous part,
Heaven stop my vital blood.

Rejoice, my friend; let not a shade
Of sorrow dark thy brow;
To bless thee, dearest, I would wade
Through fire or water now.

EMANCIPATION.

Hear us, Father, while we cry —
Pleading for an injured race;

Make the bolts asunder fly
By thine own resistless grace.

Let the captives all go free —
Let the oppressor cease to reign —
And the arm of tyranny
Never more be raised again.

Every chain and fetter burst
Which has been in avarice cast;
Crush the system in the dust
Ere another year be past.

Then will shrieks be turned to praise,
As the gory whip departs;
And the Africs daily raise
Songs of joy from grateful hearts.

THOU 'LT THINK OF ME.

Thou 'lt think of me when I am dead,
And seek the spot where I shall lie,
And kneel beside my lonely bed,
When stars are twinkling in the sky.

Thou 'lt think how true a heart once beat
Within the clod, now still and cold;
Of that affection, kind and sweet,
For which, alas! my life was sold.

Thou 'lt think of all my sufferings past,
Of all my sorrow and my grief;
How oft reproach and shame were cast
Upon my checkered life so brief.

Thou 'lt think how faithful to my word,
And constant I had always been;
No language hast thou ever heard
That caused a single pain within.

And O, thou 'lt think how deep the love
That flowed so freely in my breast,
When to promote thy weal I strove —
That made me in thy arms so blest.

That heart now still, and cold, and dead,
Will pure affection move no more;
Its sorrows and its joys have fled —
Its conflicts and its pains are o'er.

That voice is dumb which spoke so kind,
And closed those beaming eyes for aye —

And hushed the tumult of the mind
That poured itself in plaintive lay.

But thou wilt think of me — and when
The cares of earth around thee spring,
Thou 'lt sigh for my embrace again,
But former joys 't will never bring.

THE LAST QUID.

I've thrown aside my dirty quid —
The vile thing I will use no more;
Now I'm resolved, although I've tried
To quit a thousand times before.

It does no good at all to chew,
And always gives unpleasant breath —
Which makes my children turn away,
And plagues my wife almost to death.

The tidy floor and fire place
Show streaked marks where I have been;
And when I little think of it,
The juice runs down all o'er my chin.

And in the meeting house, sometimes,
The carpet and the pew I soil;
And every thing within my reach
I'm almost always sure to spoil.

I cannot write — I cannot read —
I cannot work without the weed;
But henceforth I renounce the thing —
I'll never take another quid.

To see the long desired reform,
My wife with joy will be replete,
And children will no longer say,
"Pa, clear your mouth before you eat."

TO CHARLES.

I would that thou
Through life could'st smile as pleasantly as now;
That ruthless care
Could never blight thy roseate brow,
So blooming and so fair.

'T will be my joy
To watch the progress of thy opening years —
And as thou passest through this vale of tears,
The seeds of vice destroy.

For vice will come,
And sin will tempt thee oft: when leaving home
False friends thou 'lt find,
Who 'll lure thee from the truth to roam,
Where error lulls the mind.

Guard well — guard well
The path in which thy wayward feet may treac
Lest early thou be numbered with the dead,
And blindfold sink to hell.

I 'll be thy friend,
Though others should refuse their aid to lend:
My prayers for thee
Shall heaven-ward every hour ascend,
That He thy God may be.

Then at that day,
When God shall call us to a strict account,
We 'll meet together on his holy mount,
To reign eternally.

MY PLEASANT HOME.

My home 's amid the verdant fields,
Where labor every blessing yields,
  Prompt as the rising day;
And guided by the hand divine,
Each moment brings to me and mine,
  Joys that will ne'er decay.

Men who surround the dazzling throng,
To party or to sect belong —
  Are harrassed and distrest;
The morning's dawn — the evening's close,
No blessings bring — no soft repose,
  To their distracted breast.

But here at peace with man and God,
I draw rich comfort from his word,
  And sweetly pass my life;
I seek not honor from below —
For honor is an empty show —
  The source of pain and strife.

I ask — and this is all I crave —
A hope that will survive the grave,

When dust returns to dust :
O, be my spirit touched by grace,
And clothed in Christ's own righteousness,
In Him I'll safely trust.

To die and be divinely blest,
Is joy that cannot be exprest; —
O, be this dying mine!
Cheerful I'll bid the earth adieu,
And with heaven's glories full in view,
My parting breath resign.

THE PARDONED SINNER.

I was an alien once from thee,
My Savior and my God;
My heart was all impurity,
And dangerous was my road.

I saw no beauty in thy face —
No wisdom in thy law —
No terrors, when I spurned thy grace,
That I should tremble for.

When I the sacred volume took —
Penned by a hand divine —
It was to me a sealed book,
And dull was every line.

To offer prayer to Heaven I thought
Was but a waste of breath;
And wheresoe'er I went, I taught
All men are safe in death.

That great and awful mystery,
God of a woman born;
The three in one and one in three,
I read to doubt and scorn.

But now, O Christ! and bless thy name —
I see that I was blind;
All that was dark is bright and plain,
And open to my mind.

I see as perfect as the day,
Thy justice and thy grace;
The sinner must be cast away,
While saints approach thy face.

'T is mercy that has rescued me
From the low depths of vice,

Or else I should forever be
Excluded from the skies.

O, matchless grace! O, depths of love!
That sought a sinner thus —
And came with pardons from above,
To save me from the curse.

To thee eternal thanks are due,
My great, almighty Friend;
With zeal I will thy truth pursue,
Till time and being end.

Nor earth, nor sense, shall clip the wing
Of my ascending faith —
Till in thy courts my soul shall sing
Her triumph over death.

EVENING.

I've been to the sea on a summer night,
When the clouds were sleeping in folds of light;
And not a sound was heard on the breeze,
Save the ocean's roar and the murmuring trees.

The evening shadows silently crept,
As the dreams of bliss where childhood slept;
And the stirring leaves in gentle motion,
Curled on the wind as the waves on the ocean.

The clouds looked fair on the depths of blue,
Where the brilliant stars came struggling through;
And my heart was blessed at a scene like this,
With a spark of that love which makes heaven's bliss.

I poured out my soul unto God in prayer,
And the burden left me of hatred and care;
And when I had left the secluded spot,
My bosom was ravished with holy thought.

SLAVE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

Hear our prayer, most holy Father,
While we raise our voice to thee;
Afric's children thou canst gather
In thine arms and make them free.

Come, we pray thee, near and bless us;
We are weak and helpless now;
For thy servants, Lord, distress us,
When we would before thee bow.

Break our chains while we are calling
Humbly on thy holy name;
May the lash to earth be falling,
Not upon a human frame.

May the white man see his error —
Seek forgiveness ere too late;
Nor the Afric shrink with terror,
As he learns his cruel fate.

Come, great Father, and be near us,
In this trial hour we pray;
And in love and mercy hear us —
Hear and kindly bless to-day.

A TRUE FRIEND.

"I 'LL love thee ever," thou hast said,
"Whatever ill betide;

With constant care I 'll watch thy bed,
And never leave thy side."
What tender words! How sweet exprest,
To an unworthy friend;
And thou wilt love thy chosen one —
Love till his days shall end.

Though poverty or sickness come,
Thy quenchless love 's the same;
The same, when hate and calumny
Pour curses on my name.
Where'er my wandering feet shall roam,
Thy love will follow me;
And that my wants are well supplied
Thy constant care shall be.

E'en should I take the inebriate's cup,
And like infuriate men,
Abuse the best of womankind —
Ay, thou would'st love me then.
Should vice and crime destroy the love
Which in my bosom glows —
Thy warm affections still would yearn
For me amid my woes.

Devoted one! — it shall not be —
This heart shall never prove

Unfaithful to its idol friend,
But will forever love.
I'll ne'er permit my feet to trace
The beaten path of crime —
But all my future life shall be
As stainless as my prime.

The drunkard's cup I 'll never touch,
Or with the abandoned go;
But all my influence on the side
Of virtue I will throw.
For thee I live — no peace I 'll take
If sorrow fill thy breast;
And when delight o'erflows thy soul,
I shall be truly blest.

Come, dearest, come, and bless me now;
For thy sweet look I sigh;
O, if I had an angel's wing,
To thee, to thee I 'd fly.
I pant to hear thy soothing voice,
Thy gentle hand to press:
My friend, I love thee — Heaven knows
I ne'er shall love thee less.

THE SABBATH BREAKER.

Who tramples on that holy law,
Which angels contemplate with awe —
Whence Christians all their comforts draw?
The Sabbath Breaker.

Who in the midst of blessings rare,
Will not to God's own house repair,
That he in heavenly grace may share?
The Sabbath Breaker.

When prayers are offered, who resort
To halls and cottages for sport,
To make the tedious hours more short?
The Sabbath Breaker.

Who shuts his ears to wisdom's voice,
Which calls him to the blessed choice,
Of those who in the Lord rejoice?
The Sabbath Breaker.

Who rather than the gospel hear,
And with the contrite soul appear,
Will laugh at truth, deride and sneer?
The Sabbath Breaker.

Who seldom opes the word of light,
To be directed in the right,
And saved from sin and endless night?
The Sabbath Breaker.

Who curses God and humble saints,
And labors hard to bring against
His chosen friends some deep complaints?
The Sabbath Breaker.

Who with an impious word or jest,
Which seems to suit his fancy best,
Will ridicule the Holiest?
The Sabbath Breaker.

Whose heart like hard and flinty stone,
By slighting truth has callous grown —
From whom the Spirit grieved has flown?
The Sabbath Breaker's.

Lord, teach me now that way to shun,
Where millions crowd and are undone,
Trod daily by that impious one —
The Sabbath Breaker.

TO A DEAR BOY.

Child, thou art very dear to me. Thy heart
Seems formed to dwell a kindred heart with mine.
Meek love sits radiant on thy brow, and peace,
Fair peace is smiling on thy cheek. The joy
Which thy dear presence gives, like stars at even,
Light up and cheer my dark and gloomy hours.
With thee, my weeks seem days — without thee, months.
Thou seem'st a kindly balm to heal my soul,
Since care has rolled her waves, and buried up,
All objects, save thyself, to which I clung.
But, child, though loved as life, I tell thee truth,
Thy little heart is filled with pride and sin,
And must by grace be touched, or sorrow, pain,
Must be thy doom through long eternity.
And can we part? — and part to see no more
Each other? The thought like mountains presses down
My soul, and holds her fast to weep in blood.
Impossible! Thou must give up thy heart
To God thy Savior, and forsake thy sin.
O, wilt thou not? It is thy friend, not foe,

Who urges thee to love thy God in youth,
And with him travel up the pleasant way,
Till Christ shall take us to his home in heaven,
Where we for aye shall sing redeeming love.

MY HEAVENLY FRIEND.

It is my happiness to know
That Jesus is my friend;
That he to all my wants below
Will constantly attend.

No favors that I really need,
But sweetly he bestows;
O, is he not a friend indeed,
From whom such kindness flows?

When mourning o'er the last remains
Of friends beloved and dear —
'T is He who cancels all my pains,
And wipes the falling tear.

When meager poverty and want
Obtrude along my way,

He will his heavenly manna grant,
My chief support and stay.

When slander with a thousand tongues
The world around deceives,
'T is God who 'll justify my wrongs
Long as his servant lives.

With such a Friend, I fear no ill —
No earthly power can harm ;
In every strait he 's with me still,
Upholding by his arm.

Should death my youthful form arrest,
And lay my body low —
His love shall animate my breast
When falls the fatal blow.

Thus ever will I trust in him,
My Father and my God,
Till with the sinless seraphim
I rise to his abode.

THOUGHT OF DEATH.

When pleasure with her golden wings,
Bends o'er our path and sweetly sings,
And griefs depart, and sorrows fly,
How hard to think that we must die.

When friends caress, and sweetly smile
Beneath a brow unknown to guile,
And love is spoke with every breath,
How painful then to think of death.

When not a cloud above is seen,
And all is calm, bright and serene,
Beneath a pure, cerulean sky,
How hard to think that we must die!

When peaceful as the sunny vale,
Where sweets are borne on every gale,
Are moments passed around our home —
How hard to think that death may come!

When youth with all its happy dreams,
Is bright as golden sunset seems,
'T is then we dread — we know not why —
The thought that we must fade and die.

TO A YOUTH AT SEA.

When in thy early days I sung
An annual lay to thee,
I loved to hear thy prattling tongue
Repeat the lines to me;
Thy smiling look and pleasant voice
Would always make my heart rejoice.

'T was then no grief had dimmed thine eye,
Or sorrow pierced thy breast —
And hopes as bright as summer's sky,
Thy infant heart possessed —
And every thing around, above,
Seemed formed alone for thee to love.

Joy bounded with thee in thy play,
And sparkled in thy face,
As each returning natal day
To newer scenes gave place;
And cheerful hearts around thee moved,
And smiling on thee were beloved.

But like a meteor's flash our years
Pass rapidly away —

And joy recedes, while grief and tears
Track us each weary day;
And the bright hopes in childhood nursed,
Soon into cares and sorrows burst.

A few brief summers came and threw
Her roses at thy feet;
And life with careless moments flew,
While joys were pure and sweet;
And now upon the tide of life,
I see thee breasting pain and strife.

A wanderer on the stormy sea,
Far from thy native shore;
May God direct and watch o'er thee —
Return thee safe once more;
That filled with his preserving love,
Thou may'st a faithful servant prove.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

How tender is a Christian mother's care!
How deep her yearnings for the child she loves!

How fervent are her prayers! When she is dead
How fondly memory clings around those scenes
Where she so kindly moved to bless! Our friends
We may forget, but her we never can,
Who early taught our infant hearts to pray,
And led us in the path of life. How oft,
When in the busy world, a mother's voice,
As from the tomb, in gentle accents speaks :
"My child, remember God, and cease to sin."
Eternity alone can tell the good
Accomplished by a mother's prayers. Her tears
Speak well for Zion's weal. The stricken heart
Alone can tell her loss.

SABBATH MORNING.

Love, awake! 't is Sabbath morning,
And the birds sing in the trees;
While the rising sun 's adorning
Hill and valley, lake and seas.

Rise, and in our warm devotion,
Let us lift our prayers above;

Jesus knows each pure emotion
Of the children of his love.

We should humbly bow before him,
Our Creator and our Friend;
All the saints in heaven adore him,
And shall we refuse to bend?

We, the creatures of his power,
Whom he daily owns to bless;
Whom he watches every hour —
Saves from want and wretchedness?

It was He who watched our slumber,
Through the silence of the night;
All his mercies none can number —
Countless as the rays of light.

Let us seek this morn his blessing,
Ere we to his courts repair —
That we each his love possessing,
God's approving smile may share.

Love, arise! the light is streaming
Through the lattice on the wall;
And the tuneful birds are hymning
Praise to him who made us all.

Up! and in devotions fervent,
We will seek his grace to-day;
Then he 'll claim us each his servant,
While he takes our sins away.

PLEASANT FRIEND.

How sweet and how pleasant it is,
To think of the friend that I love;
To be in whose company is bliss,
Allied to that flowing above.

In moments of anguish and woe,
When the heart is broken and crushed,
I think of my Julia, and lo!
My grief and my sorrow are hushed.

So kind and so constant thou art—
So tender and faithful and true—
So pure and so virtuous in heart—
Thy good I shall ever pursue.

This life would be dreary and dark,
No happiness here should I find,

No rest for my tempest tost bark,
If treachery enter thy mind.

If in scorn thou turn upon me,
Affections round others to cling,
When I have been faithful to thee,
No pleasures would life ever bring.

But never, no, never wilt thou
Be other than true to thy friend;
We 'll cling to each other below,
Till troubles and trials shall end.

And when the sad message shall come,
Our spirits are called out of time,
Our bodies shall go to one tomb,
While our souls ascend to one clime.

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

"I HEAR a groan — it louder swells;
A voice! a voice! of woe it tells;
A shriek! a mother's too!" —
She spoke and swiftly flew;

But oh! beheld a sight indeed,
That caused her heart to ache and bleed.
A little infant lay in blood,
While standing near the slavite stood,
Who angrily had caught the boy,
And dashed him to the ground;
He was a mother's only joy —
And peace alone with him she found.
And when she saw her darling die,
She wildly raised to heaven her eye,
And shrieked aloud and fell;
But he, more vile than lucifer,
Declared that none should comfort her,
In words I may not tell.
But ah! the stroke had touched a cord
Too deep again to be restored;
And ere the sun went down that day,
Her spirit took its flight;
And mother and child together lay,
For beasts to eat at night.

NO REST IS MINE.

No rest is mine. Deep in my heart
Is sorrow rankling there;

By day, by night, I find no peace —
The horrors of despair
Are brooding o'er life's morning skies,
Which late so glorious were.

There 's no society I court —
With none can I rejoice;
No sounds fall gladly on my ears;
Not music's melting voice
Can chase away my gloomy fears —
Renew life's early joys.

All day I pant to see it close,
That I may sink to rest;
That in the unconscious hours of sleep
I may not be distrest;
But ah! the mind is wakeful then,
And woe is still my guest.

I sigh for morning, and my soul
Greets the first dawn of day;
I 'm weary when the sun is up,
And when it sinks away;
And every thing is dressed in gloom
That once was bright and gay.

It seems as if the springs of life
Would every moment fail;

And the grim messenger of death
I would with gladness hail;
For there is nought to give me joy
Upon this gloomy vale.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Not gems, nor gold, nor costly things,
Can with this pearl compare —
Which all who love the King of kings
Will in his temple wear.

'T is not a bauble on the brow,
To deck a fair one's face;
'T is found where'er the humble bow
Pleading for righteousness.

'T is in the dwellings of the poor,
Where faith and virtue meet;
Concealed within the chapel door —
Around the anxious seat.

'T is God's own gift which he bestows
Upon the humble mind;

Without it, none can feel repose,
Or real pleasure find.

Without it, gorgeous palaces
And gilded seats of ease,
Would not afford a single bliss,
Or heal the mind's disease.

But with this pearl, the humble cot
Will give the weary rest —
Though poverty should be their lot,
And want their constant guest.

This bright and precious gem may I
Be anxious to obtain;
For this presented at the sky
Would an admission gain.

THE FOP.

Who with a bold, assuming mien,
Loves with the ladies to be seen,
Though from the country fresh and green?
The Fop.

Who when he speaks will give you pain,
To see how little 's in his brain —
And yet so graceful with his cain ?
The Fop.

Who loves to go to ball or fair,
With curly locks and oily hair,
To meet the pretty damsels there ?
The Fop.

Who is to his own weakness blind —
Thinks it betrays a noble mind,
To have his 'kerchief float behind ?
The Fop.

Who goes to church on Sabbath day,
His dress and figure to display,
And nod to ladies gracefully ?
The Fop.

Who when he 's near 't is always known,
By fumes of musk or strong cologne —
These borrowed scents to hide his own ?
The Fop.

And who through all his life will be
The laughing stock for men to see —
An empty puff of vanity ?
The Fop.

THE EARLY DEATH.

"God, hear my prayer!
My boy is wasting on a bed of death!
Oh! spare his life a little while, to cheer
His parent's heart through this drear wilderness.
Speak but the word and he shall be restored."

The prayer was heard. The child was raised to health;
As years passed on, to parent's eye he grew
Daily more fair. A dozen summers fled,
And he was still the same — loving, beloved.
A few more years, and vice had stained his soul.
He cursed his Maker on his holy day,
And sought for friends, the vile and dissolute.
He would not list to parent's voice, when he,
In all paternal tenderness did warn,
And beg him to forsake the haunts of vice.

A little longer, and the deed was done
That urged him to the tomb. The fatal glass,
Prolific source of misery and woe,
Was his companion oft. And thus he died.

The marble slab will tell how young was he
When hurried hence. A father's heart will tell
What sorrow is endured, when offspring dear
Heed not reproof, and madly cleave to sin.

My soul, beware; beware lest thou should'st feel
The damning horrors of a drunkard's doom.

BREATHINGS AFTER HOLINESS.

O, GENTLY lead me in the way
Of holiness and peace,
Thou God supreme — that every day
My love to thee increase.

Weak as a worm beneath my feet,
And helpless as a child,
I would approach thy mercy seat,
And with thy grace be filled.

I would adore thee and attend
The whispers of thy love,
My greatest, best, and only Friend —
My Advocate above.

Prostrate before thee, I'll confess
The guilty course I've run,
When in my pride and helplessness
I turned from thee undone.

O, give me near access to thee —
Earth cannot satisfy;
My soul must bathe in heaven's pure sea,
Or in the effort die.

TO HENRY.

Upon this day thou dreamest
That life is nought but joy;
And in thine eye there beamest
A world of love, my boy.

Before thee all is pleasure —
A bright and cloudless day;
O, what a priceless treasure,
Would time his flight delay!

But no! it hastes to bring thee
Pain, sickness, sorrow, care;

These may in future wring thee
With anguish and despair.

Friends, faithful now, may leave thee,
Or in the grave may rest;
Companions may deceive thee,
In garb of angels drest.

The world will look as dreary,
As the deep, clouded tomb;
And feeble, sick and weary
Thou 'lt long to be at home.

Then choose, my boy, while gaily
The summers pass away,
Joys that will never fail thee,
Down to life's latest day.

Thy heart's best feelings tender
Unto thy Lord and Friend;
He will thy moments render
More happy till they end.

REMEMBERED FRIENDSHIP.

How pleasant were the hours that past,
When by each other's side,
We spoke of friendship without end,
And thought of nought beside;
When from the fount of purest love
Our hearts were well supplied.

A tender kiss — a warm embrace —
O, would they now were mine!
When pleasure mantled o'er thy face,
And made thee look divine —
As if a pure ray from the skies
Did on thy features shine.

What sweet and happy seasons these!
And truly we were blest;
Each thought of future joy and bliss
In robes of light was drest;
And 't was a task indeed to tell
Who loved the other best.

And we shall thus be blest again,
In friendship's warm embrace;

Again shall peace and happiness
Mantle each other's face;
And sorrow, grief and gloominess
To love and joy give place.

Dear Rosa, in my saddest hours,
'T is this alone gives peace —
Thy fervent love, whate'er betide,
Will never, never cease —
But all my darkest hours of woe
Will make it still increase.

Joy of my heart — my best beloved —
How could I part from thee?
To know thou ever wilt be mine,
Fills me with ecstacy:
To feel thy love is all the joy
I ask eternally.

JEHOVAH.

What mind can measure, or what heart conceive
The grandeur of a Deity? The stars
That glitter in the firmament of heaven,

Are but as sands o'er which his glory shines.
And every world his wondrous power has made,
Are playthings crushed at his almighty word.
The lofty sun — that rolling orb of fire —
Is but a floating spark beneath His eye,
Whose dazzling splendor none can view and live.
Worlds piled on worlds! — how mighty and how grand! —
Thro' space unlimited — no thought can fathom;
And yet these worlds the pathway of a God,
O'er which his burning chariot rides.

Yet man —
Proud man — a creature of the dust — presumes
To question God's designs, and madly guage
His providence. He queries, "Who is God,
That he should reign?" when every star at night,
The sun and moon proclaim his power. Each breath
Of rosy morn or dewy eve, speaks loud
His love and tenderness, his goodness and his grace
Spring's lovely blossoms and brown autumn's fruit
Tell of that influence divine, which sheds
Blessings unmerited on man. Bow then
In dust — acknowledge God — revere his works,
And in thy humble heart receive his truth,
Nor longer dare to question, "Who is God?"

LYING AT JESUS'S FEET.

How sweet and blest, my Jesus 't is,
At thy dear feet to lie —
When flown is every earthly bliss,
And ruptured every tie.

When friends are few and treacherous grow,
And none will help afford —
Where can I find relief below,
Save in thy bosom, Lord?

When men perverse and vile appear,
To tempt my heart to stray —
How sweet to think my God is near,
To guide and guard my way.

'T is when the world cannot bestow
The only help I need —
That I confess and fully know
With Thee I 'm blest indeed.

While life endures, I ask no joy
To be compared with this;

When worldly cares my peace destroy,
To feel a Savior's bliss.

Then I will lie at thy dear feet,
My best, my only Friend;
Where waves of trouble cannot beat,
And pains and sorrows end.

And when at last this frame decays,
My soul will upward fly,
To live a life of joy and praise,
Where pleasure cannot die.

WE 'LL MEET AGAIN.

Fare thee well — we 'll meet again,
And our hearts in love rejoice;
Let us banish every pain —
Only think of future joys.

'T is a season that we part,
To renew again our love —
To unite in hand and heart,
Never — never more to rove.

Fare thee well — but not forever;
Something tells me we shall meet,
Where no ocean wave will sever
Hearts where friendship reigns so sweet.

Happy season! soon 't will come —
Sorrow then will disappear —
And the halo round our home
Be not blighted by a tear.

Fare thee well — to-morrow's sun,
Shining on thee far away,
Will remind thee then of one
Who will pass a gloomy day.

But this hope will give me strength,
And the tear of sorrow cease —
We shall meet in joy at length,
And our pleasures never cease.

Fare thee well — we 'll meet again,
And no more be called to part;
Sorrow will be banished then,
Sweetly joined in hand and heart.

AM I A CHRISTIAN?

Am I a Christian? If I be,
  Why am I filled with doubt and fear?
And why so great a task for me
  With God's disciples to appear?

Why are my prayers so formal, cold —
  And my devotions languish so?
Why do I wander from his fold —
  In paths of sinful pleasure go?

Why do I to the world around
  So little of my Savior tell —
If he my wandering footsteps found,
  And saved my wretched soul from hell?

Were I a Christian, should I feel
  So little love within my breast?
Dead be my faith, and faint my zeal —
  And in this careless stupor rest?

Lord, am I thine, or am I not?
  O, make me know my real state —
And faithful do the work I ought,
  Before is sealed my endless fate.

If I 'm thy child, redeemed by grace,
May every doubt and fear be gone —
With vigor run the Christian race,
While fervent love shall urge me on.

But if my heart has never felt
The joys that pardoned sinners know —
I humbly pray thee that thou wilt
Thy grace and pardoning mercy show.

No longer may I rest in doubt
Of my acceptance, Lord, with thee —
Lest from thy kingdom I be shut
Through a long, long eternity.

TO AN INFANT.

Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
To a world of care and woe;
There will meet thee many a danger,
Where thy tiny feet may go.

Tender parents now caress thee,
Fondly clasp thee to their heart;

But they will not always bless thee —
Thou and they are doomed to part.

Happy faces smile upon thee,
With their bosoms full of love ;
'T is the babe they think of only,
As their frequent kisses prove.

Constant favors may'st thou merit,
As thy days are lengthened here ;
With a meek and quiet spirit,
And a heart for truth sincere.

May the gentle smile of Heaven
Fall upon thy future way ;
And the shield of grace be given,
Lest thy feet should go astray.

Welcome, stranger, to our bosom,
Object of our tender care ;
Bud of being, may'st thou blossom
Where unfading pleasures are.

THE VICTIM OF GAMBLING.

"Alas! I'm weary of the world —
I would that I could die to-day!
I care not if my soul were hurled
To everlasting death away!

"The Christian's God I cannot love;
The Christian's prayer I will not hear;
Though thoughts of hell the vilest move,
They do not give to me a fear."

Just as he woke the gambler said,
Who passed the night around the board,
Where games of every kind were played,
By those who hourly cursed the Lord.

Once he was happy, and his wife
Received the affections of his heart;
His only son he loved as life —
And Heaven to them did bliss impart.

There came a day — he left his home —
His child, and all that held him dear;
He stained his soul and sealed his doom,
Without a trembling or a fear.

Young man, forsake the haunt of vice,
While yet thy character is pure;
'T will warm affections turn to ice,
And make the soul's damnation sure.

LOVE OF GOD.

The fruits of friendship ever grow
Upon the soil I tread,
And suns of pleasure daily throw
Their beams around my head.

In nature's whispering voice I hear
Enrapturing melody;
And in her ever varying gear
Fresh beauties do I see.

In every path — below, above,
Around, on either side,
Soft angel accents flow in love,
"The Lord is still thy guide."

I see Him in the morning sun,
I hear Him in the breeze,

And when my daily task is done,
I praise Him on my knees.

Unceasing thanks to such a Friend,
For all his gifts to me:
Who but a God would condescend
To bless mortality?

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

The true disciple of the Lord
Enjoys a constant peace;
He lives in faith upon his word,
While love and joy increase.

Above the world's contentious strife,
Its follies and its cares —
He lives a quiet, humble life,
And Heaven's best favors shares.

Far from the tumult of the throng
That press the downward road,
He pours above his grateful song,
And sees a smiling God.

When angry winds of sorrow sweep,
To desolate his way,
He cannot spare the time to weep,
When duty calls to pray.

True peace of mind and sweet content
In every step are found;
Choice favors by his Father sent,
Which through his life abound.

No sorrows damp the joys that rise
Profusely in his breast;
On earth he lives beyond the skies,
And shares unbroken rest.

Such life be mine. O, may I place
My strongest hopes above,
And joyful run the Christian race,
With zeal, and faith, and love.

THE FAITHFUL NURSE.

What though, my love, I'm sick to-day,
Thou should'st not be alarmed;

My illness soon will pass away —
With fortitude be armed.

Thy constant watch around my bed,
I fear will make thee ill ;
Press once thy hand upon my head,
And then I shall be still.

That tearful eye — why dost thou weep?
My pains are not so great;
And yet thou wilt thy vigil keep,
Without an hour's abate.

To feel thy ever kind caress,
Is more than health to me;
Hannah, my love, I can't express
My gratitude to thee.

Before I speak my wants, I find
Thou hast them all supplied;
Thy only wish is, to be kind,
And constant at my side.

'T were pleasure to be sick and feel
Thy tenderness and care,
Did not thy saddened looks reveal
Thy bosom's deep despair.

Dear Hannah, do not let thy heart
On gloomy subjects dwell;
This truth alone should joy impart,
That I shall soon be well.

Then brush away those tears of thine,
That make thee so distrest,
And put thy cheek once more to mine,
And lean upon my breast.

The cloud has passed — a smile I see
Thy face has mantled o'er;
O, thou art health and life to me —
I love thee more and more.

I cannot bear to have thee go
A moment from my bed;
And yet thy limbs are tired, I know,
And weak and faint thy head.

No bliss can be so great as mine,
With such a glorious prize;
Thou art not earthly, but divine,
An angel in disguise.

TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

The mind that thinks and hand that writes,
In absence soon may be forgot;
But warmly cherished in my heart,
My friend, I will forget thee not.

Thy virtues and thy generous deeds,
From memory I can never blot;
These shall light up my darkest hours —
My friend, I will forget thee not.

Should sorrows brood o'er prospects fair,
And peace and joy be vainly sought,
My thoughts will turn to other days —
My friend, I will forget thee not.

Should grief and care press heavily,
And blighted prospects prove my lot,
While every joy is wrung from me —
My friend, I will forget thee not.

When bending o'er the cloistered tomb,
If lingers in my mind a thought,
It shall recur to thee in love —
My friend, I will forget thee not.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

The sky above me once was bright,
And all around was fair —
And every morning's rosy light,
Would to my young, enraptured sight,
A thousand beauties wear.

At evening, when the stars were hung
'Mid the cerulean skies —
Like bright and perfect diamonds strung,
Or strown the fleecy clouds among,
Joy sparkled in my eyes.

In deepening shades of moss grown trees,
'Mid nature's wild retreats,
New beauties would my senses please,
When laden was each grateful breeze
With aromatic sweets.

Through all the live long summer day,
In sunshine and in rain,
I 'd dream the happy hours away,
In idle strolls or careless play,
Nor think of future pain.

Thus 'neath a guardian parent's eye,
Life's early moments flew;
No sorrow hovered round my sky,
And pain and sickness passed me by,
And grief I never knew.

Youth's fond and glorious dreams are past,
And age is creeping on;
O, would they might forever last,
And o'er me their bright halo cast,
Now faded and withdrawn.

The bending skies, so near my view,
And stars that twinkled there,
When I their wondrous track pursue,
Seem to have bid a long adieu,
And sunk in deeper air.

What gave my young heart sweet delight,
Will give delight no more;
In vain I stretch my weary sight,
At morn, or eve, or noon of night,
For something to adore.

Upon my brow in characters
That cannot be effaced —
I read that life is full of cares —

And grief upon my spirit wears,
And sorrow is embraced.

The smile upon the cheek of love —
The luster of bright eyes —
Why should these gifts from worlds above,
To those who gaze upon them prove
But beauty in disguise?

When young and innocent and gay,
Heart truly spoke to heart;
But with sweet childhood passed away
The love of truth — and fashion's sway
Did its cold rules impart.

Give, give me back again those days,
Fraught with pure love and truth;
When wrong and outrage had no place,
And love and joy smiled in each face:
O, would I were a youth!

THE DEPARTED.

Hear the voice of the departed,
Softly falling on thine ears,
Who before thee long have started
On their flight of endless years.

See them in their glory shining,
With no care to rack the breast;
While in sorrow thou art pining,
They enjoy a heavenly rest.

Now by angel hosts attended,
In the presence of their King,
They have love and pleasure blended,
As they tune their hearts to sing.

Hear'st thou not their happy voices
Echoing through the arch above —
While each holy soul rejoices,
Praising loud redeeming love?

Pilgrim, soon this darksome valley
Thou 'lt exchange for seat on high;
There forever souls will rally
Round their love, no more to die.

THE SLAVE'S WISH.

"O, THAT I'd never seen the light,
Or died in early infancy!"
Thus groaned a female slave one night,
In this proud land of liberty.

She'd seen her children one by one,
Torn from her bleeding breast away;
And since the last departing sun,
They robbed her of her only stay.

In agony intense she rent
Her tattered garments — and her hair
She wildly tore — then humbly bent
And poured an agonizing prayer.

Rest was not hers — for what had she
On earth to comfort her again?
Her children all in slavery,
Doomed to a life of want and pain.

Her husband gone to whom alone
She could her griefs and sorrows tell —
Those chastened feelings all make known,
Which in the Afric's bosom dwell.

It was too much for flesh to bear —
She sank beneath the heavy load;
While bending in her fervent prayer,
Her spirit took its flight to God.

Woman! lift thy beseeching voice,
And it shall reach the slavite's ear —
And tens of thousands shall rejoice,
As their redemption draweth near.

THE RESOLUTION.

Touch not — touch not the sparkling bowl,
My father, oh! my father dear;
There lurks a sting to pierce thy soul,
Unseen beneath the draught so clear.

Touch not — my mother's looks doth tell
That grief is preying on her heart;
The reason why thou knowest well —
And yet thy tears refuse to start.

Touch not, my father, touch it not —
But dash the poison to the ground;

O, happy then will be our lot,
And heavenly peace will smile around.

My mother's heart will thrill with joy —
Nor sorrowing, weep, as wont before;
As once, thou 'lt smile to meet thy boy,
And tell the tales thou used to o'er.

We shall not beg for happiness —
Though poor, the joys that dwell within
Will make our wants and wishes less —
And bright our days as once they 've been.

Say, dearest father, wilt thou leave
The cup where every sorrow grows?
My mother's life, and mine, believe,
Are filled with grief no mortal knows.

"I hear thee, boy; it melts my heart —
And this to-day is my resolve —
To act no more the murderer's part,
While planets o'er my head revolve."

REMEMBER ME.

When I 'm removed from thee away,
To distant lands beyond the sea,
And sinners tempt thy feet to stray,
Remember, oh! remember me.

When Sabbath comes, that holy hour,
Which I was wont to spend with thee —
And others their petitions pour
That God would bless — remember me.

And when about thy gladsome play,
With buoyant spirits, light and free —
Forget not one who is away,
That loves thee well — remember me.

And when the evening shades appear,
And thou in secret bend the knee,
Oh! offer up a prayer sincere
For one far off — remember me.

And in the morning when thine eyes
Look forth upon the distant sea —
The risen sun and pleasant skies —
And joy is thine — remember me.

And should thy careless feet be led,
Enticed by those I bade thee flee,
In thorny paths of sin to tread,
Remember, oh! remember me.

A VISION.

Methought I shook mortality aside,
And had a glimpse of heaven. I saw the host
Of perfect ones in Christ surround the throne
Immaculate and pure, and heard their praise
And adoration to the great High Priest,
Who had redeemed them by his blood. So full
And perfect were their notes of praise, it doth
Surpass all language to express; and my
Full soul seemed ravished with untold delight.
But when amid the happy throng, I saw
The child who oft doth meet in Sabbath school,
To hear from my unworthy lips, the truths
Of God, I sunk beneath the gush of joy —
Was lost in the fruition of the blest.

CLOSE OF DAY.

Come, Mary, since my task is done,
Be seated by my side;
Two happier hearts cannot be found,
With constant joys supplied.

Come, tell me if our little ones
Have all been well to-day?
If they did each with cheerfulness
Their mother's voice obey?

Have angry passions been subdued —
And pleasant joys possessed,
Like sunshine on the opening flower,
Each countenance and breast?

How happy is the thought to me!
What could I ask for more,
Than blooming children, kind and good,
And wife that I adore?

I envy not the man of wealth —
The king upon his throne;
The joys are real that I speak —
And they are all my own.

Then, come, thou best of womankind,
Lean on my breast awhile;
My cares, though few, are all forgot
In thy complacent smile.

Who live in pleasure and are dead,
Know not the joys I feel;
Their moments, through the weary day,
On leaden pinions steal.

Had they a glimpse of half the joys
That in our cot are found —
The circle of domestic bliss —
As seasons travel round —

Methinks the dull and lifeless train
Would not their hearts engross;
But they would prize domestic bliss
Unmixed with earthly dross.

Thus would I pass the transient years
Which Heaven designs for me —
Till fitted for a happier state
In God's eternity.

THE SABBATH.

My grateful soul ascends to thee,
God of the Sabbath day;
And while I bow the humble knee,
Vouchsafe thy love, I pray.

I bless thee for the hours of rest,
Aside from worldly care —
For holy joys within my breast,
That spring from fervent prayer.

If days so blest by God are given
To erring man below —
How great must be the bliss of heaven!
Surpassing mind to know.

Those joys are kept in store for me,
If I but faithful prove;
O, may I then each object flee
That draws me from thy love.

One Sabbath reigns eternal there,
Unmixed with grief or pain;
And those who in this glory share
Will never sin again.

Lord, grant that on each sacred day
More holy I may grow —
That when these seasons pass, I may
Heaven's full fruition know.

OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS UNAVAILING.

Bow down before Jehovah's throne,
And tremble and adore,
Ye who have merits of your own,
And boast you need no more.

Your righteousness cannot avail
Beneath His piercing eye —
Where milder sinners shrink and quail
At their iniquity.

The terrors which enthrone his brow,
Will pierce your naked soul —
While flames of vengeance burn below,
And scorching billows roll.

Your sins like lofty mountains rise,
In burning, dread array —

Revealed to your astonished eyes,
In horror and dismay.

The Judge will from his throne descend,
In terror and in might;
And while the heavens around him bend,
You 'll sink to endless night.

Thus, sinners, if you make a boast
Of merits all your own,
Your souls must be forever lost,
Where horrid demons groan.

Turn, turn to God, nor longer dare
Resist the Spirit's voice;
Then you shall in his mansion share
Pure and eternal joys.

Think not Jehovah cannot see
The flimsy veil that hides
Your deeds of dark iniquity,
Where sin unchecked presides.

But rend the veil, and seek to-day
The pardon of your God,
And angels will in bright array
The pleasing act record.

Then songs will be upon your tongue,
And joyful praise arise —
And peace and love will smile along
Your pathway to the skies.

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

Dear Jesus, at thy throne
My soul doth humbly bow;
Thy love and tenderness make known,
And kindly bless me now.

My heart is not at rest;
Sorrow and doubt and fear,
Make all my moments, Lord, unblest;
When will true joy appear?

When shall I feel again
Thy tenderness and grace?
I would more earnestly constrain
My soul to seek thy face.

For when thy glory shone
About my joyful way,

My present fears were all unknown,
And bright was every day.

Peace with her golden wings
Threw sunshine o'er my path;
Mine was that blessedness which brings
Hope from deserved wrath.

But now my joy is fled —
No comfort do I find;
O, send thy Spirit, Lord, to shed
Light o'er my darkened mind.

Dispel the clouds of gloom —
Bid every sin depart —
And with the rays of grace illume
This wayward, wicked heart.

CHRIST'S EXAMPLE.

How dreadful was that gloomy hour,
When Christ, the Father's equal Son,
Assailed by hell's malignant power,
O'er sin a glorious victory won.

O, blest example! When my foes
Malignant curse me to my face —
And grief my bosom overflows,
O, may I seek thy matchless grace!

When satan whispers, there 's no hope
For one in sin's dark meshes lost,
And all my spirits in me droop,
A dying Savior I will boast.

In adverse days — temptation's thrall —
With thine own strength I 'll never yield,
But prostrate at thy footstool fall,
And with thy love and grace be filled.

HUSBAND'S ADDRESS TO HIS WIFE.

Oh! dry those eyes suffused with tears,
And let thy heart be buoyant now;
It gives me pain to see thy brow
Clouded and sad and lined with fears.

Thou art my wealth. I ask no more,
Than see thee happy as thou wert,

When first thou pledg'st to me thy heart :
It cannot be those days are o'er.

Thy Edwin loves thee, dearest one;
Let this rejoice thy sorrowing breast,
And sink thy gloomy fears to rest :
I live to bless thee — thee alone.

As long as life to me remains,
I will protect and cherish thee;
And my delight 't will ever be
To cheer thy heart and ease thy pains.

Should sickness and distress invade
Our humble and secluded cot —
With love our guest we 'd heed it not,
And Heaven would proffer us his aid.

We 'll live for each — each other bless,
Alike in sickness and in health —
In meager poverty and wealth —
And urge to deeds of blessedness.

God then will claim us as his own —
Support us daily by his grace,
And give us each at last a place
With all his saints around the throne.

PRAYER FOR CHRISTIANS.

O, GLORIOUS Father! may thy children come
And pay their vows to thee? O, condescend
To take these weary, wayward pilgrims home,
And be their God, their Father and their Friend
And as through life's dark valley they descend,
Be near to bless them with thy presence, Lord;
Then shall their aspirations upward tend —
Still living on the promise of thy word —
Nor tire, nor faint, till they shall reach thy blest abode.

May the pure Spirit of thy heavenly grace,
Thy glorious blessings to their souls reveal;
That clothed with love and thy own righteousness,
They may within those holy raptures feel,
Which in the breast of thy dear children steal,
Who live to honor thee. Be thou their stay,
Till they are safely brought to Zion's hill,
And every tear of grief is wiped away —
Their spirits landed safe in heaven's eternal day.

THE UNKNOWN CLIME.

THERE is a clime unknown afar,
Beyond the bounds of mortal life,
Where holy subjects never war,
Or mingle in perplexing strife.

The cares that harrass and destroy
The sunshine of our summer hours,
Ne'er reach this clime of perfect joy —
A world of gladness and of flowers.

Nor malice nor revenge is known
In this unsullied land of peace —
But spirits round a dazzling throne
Breathe a pure atmosphere of bliss.

I would I were a spirit there,
Far from the envious, maddening crowd,
Who worship gods on earth to share
A seat among the rich and proud.

I fear not death, if death would bring
My spirit to that blest abode —
I'd upward fly on angel's wing,
And distance stars along the road.

THE FARMER'S HYMN.

God of the hills and verdant plains,
I bless thy ruling hand;
For drifting snows and gentle rains
Are sent by thy command.

The opening spring is decked by thee
With each delightful flower —
And every leaf and bud I see
Bear impress of thy power.

The ripening summer's burning sun —
The winter's piercing cold —
The changing seasons as they run,
Thy wisdom, Lord, unfold.

The joy that centres in my cot,
No less thy wisdom owns;
With rural happiness my lot,
I cannot envy thrones.

Love dwells within my peaceful breast
At every morning's dawn;
And when the sun sinks in the west,
My cares are all withdrawn.

Although secluded from the mart
Where crowd the thoughtless gay —
Where in the scenes that vex the heart,
Men waste their lives away :

Beside the hill — the purling brook —
Glad nature's fond retreat —
With gratitude to Thee I look,
And songs of joy repeat.

For lot so blest, my voice I raise,
Almighty God, to thee ;
Thou needest not an angel's praise,
Much less such praise from me.

But I will bless thy bounteous hand,
For all thy gifts bestowed ;
Before my heart could understand,
Ten thousand thanks I owed.

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